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THE MAKING OF LINGARD'S HISTORY

GERARD CULKIN

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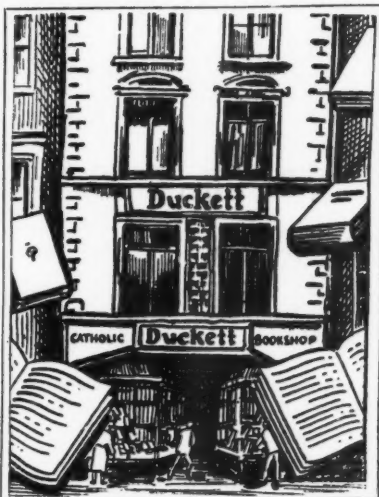
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THE MAKING OF LINGARD'S HISTORY

By

GERARD CULKIN

IN THE AUTUMN of the year 1825 John Lingard,¹ on his second visit to Rome in search of materials for his growing *History of England*, had several audiences of Pope Leo XII. The earlier volumes of the *History* which had appeared some six years previously had been bitterly criticized in the *Orthodox Journal* by a leading English ecclesiastic, Dr. Milner, Vicar-Apostolic of the Midland District. To the Catholic bishop, Lingard's work appeared poor and dispirited, one which, far from being a Catholic history of England, was only calculated to confirm Protestants in their prejudices. Lingard's critics in England had friends abroad, at Paris and at Rome, who not only repeated these sentiments but even questioned the good faith and the orthodoxy of the author; and a year or two later the appearance of an Italian edition of the earlier volumes called forth a savage attack from a certain Padre Ventura, a somewhat unbalanced Theatine Father. But already, in 1825, the Pope himself had made up his own mind and correctly judged the English historian and his work. He noted two points in particular. The critics in England and elsewhere had misunderstood the purpose of the author's moderate language; they had forgotten the place where, and the time when, the *History* was written. They missed, too, what was its real virtue, its originality. For John Lingard, as the Pope told the Cardinals in Consistory, was not one of the servile herd of copyists. His work was something new. It was, for the first time, a history of England based directly on a study of the primary sources, "*historiam ex ipsis haustam fontibus.*" Leo gave Lingard his blessing and a gold medal; he subscribed two hundred copies of the Italian translation; and no longer were Catholics in England heard to speculate

¹ The centenary of whose death occurs on July 17th this year.

whether the historian had indeed sold his principles with his manuscript. Lingard himself was particularly gratified with the Pope's appreciation; for it was precisely this quality of originality which he claimed as the distinctive feature of his work.

Lingard's *History of England* appeared in the transitional age of modern historiography. In the early nineteenth century the new German school which was to revolutionize historical studies in Europe was in its beginnings. It was the age of Baron Stein and of Pertz, the first editor of the *Monumenta Germaniae Historica*, of Ranke and the Berlin school, adapting and perfecting the techniques of the Maurists and the scholars of the preceding age of erudition, preparing the materials from which they would rewrite the history of the German people from its earliest origins and in the most minute detail, "wie es eigentlich geschehen ist." Of all this there was not at this time the faintest echo in this country. The great age of Anglican scholarship, the age of Parker, Wharton, Dugdale and Rymer, was long over. The professional historian was almost unknown. In the universities the study of history languished, and was only to be revived by the work of a distinguished line of amateurs of whom John Lingard was the first. The field was held at the moment by the so-called "Philosophical" historians, sound Whigs to a man, to whom the glories of the English Reformation and Revolution were as first principles, self-evident in truth and goodness. The taste of this age did not run to an interest in Church history, or indeed to any study of the Middle Ages; these centuries of Gothic gloom were, it was considered, best left in their native darkness; and so late as the 1840's a writer in *The Times* could still speak of the study of medieval history as "a foolish interference with the natural progress of civilization and prosperity."¹ Meanwhile, the medieval records of England, unequalled in the whole of Europe, rotted in scores of cellars and garrets, devoured by rats, or pilfered and sold for the manufacture of glue.

English history if it was read at all, was read in the pages of the Scottish David Hume's *History of England*, published between 1754 and 1761. Hume was a philosopher who disliked English-

¹ Quoted from Connop Thirlwall, *Historian and Theologian*, by J. C. Thirlwall (London and New York, 1936), p. 151, in *A History of Historical Writing*, by J. W. Thompson (New York, 1942), Vol. II, p. 280.

men. He was interested not in historical research but in causation, and he wrote his history from such printed works as were available, selecting the facts to illustrate his philosophical theories. He made no effort to check his sources or to verify his facts, and had little regard for a reputation for accuracy. "I may be liable to the reproach of ignorance," he admitted, "but I am certain to escape that of Impartiality."¹

But he was a stylist who had aroused the envy and the admiration of Gibbon, and as a stylist and a Whig he had the public ear. As a young priest and professor of philosophy Lingard read Hume, and from him he learned in detail the Protestant version of English history. He realized—as no other Catholic of his generation appears to have realized—the enormous obstacle which this mass of misrepresentation, universally and uncritically believed, presented to any hope of converting Englishmen to the Catholic faith. He saw the urgent necessity of supplying the antidote to this evil, and he saw that to do this it would be necessary to do what Hume had never done, to go back to the original sources of English history, to counter Hume's arguments and theories with the facts themselves. But, in the early nineteenth century, in the then condition of English historical studies, for any one individual to contemplate writing a history of England which should do more than copy what was already in print, which should claim to be based on more than a passing acquaintance with the great mass of untapped materials in English and foreign archives and libraries, was an inconceivable undertaking. That he undertook this work and carried it to a successful conclusion is his chief claim to be remembered among the pioneers of English historical studies. To this task he devoted half a century of tireless labour. It was, in the nature of things, impossible for him to deal in the same proportion with every period of that history, and it was Lingard's chief preoccupation to re-write the story of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. To this then he devoted his best energies during a long lifetime; for this he ransacked the libraries and archives of Europe, on this his reputation is chiefly based. But how, one may ask, did he plan his work, what was his method in attacking the problem?

Lingard never had any technical training in the study of his-

¹ J. W. Thompson, *op. cit.*, p. 71, n. 43.

tory. As a small boy, so his mother remembered, he already had a preference for historical works; and in later life he himself recalled that at Douai College, where he spent the years 1782-93, the boys were sometimes allowed to read history in study-place instead of their usual tasks. Of any formal study there is no record. But in the library at Douai there were manuscripts as well as books—the registers of Cardinal Pole, the records of the persecution in England, the memoirs of the martyrs and missionary priests; and it was in these sources that the young Lingard made his first essays in historical research. After the seizure of Douai College by the French Revolutionaries in 1793 and the re-constitution of the college at Crook Hall in Durham, with Lingard himself as professor of philosophy, in 1794, the pitifully small size of the library—scarcely a hundred volumes in all—turned him from the reading to the writing of books. There was inspiration enough at Durham, with the tombs of Bede and Cuthbert, and Lingard settled down to a study of the earliest days of the English Church based on all the original sources available. He now formed the connections which were to be so useful to him later, finding correspondents willing to copy for him in the British Museum and elsewhere, and in 1806 he published his first work, the *History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*. It was an immediate success. It had provided Lingard with the necessary initiation into the mysteries of his craft. But it taught him more than simply how to compose a history. The volumes were in parts almost aggressive, Protestants were aroused by his frank criticisms of earlier writers, and he found himself involved in a series of controversies with, among others, the Bishop of Durham. Although he did not hesitate to defend his opinions, the experience convinced him of the futility of controversy. It did nothing to advance the Catholic cause, and that was his chief object. It caused him to abandon his early plans for the continuation of his history. The success of the *Anglo-Saxon Church*, of which a second edition was called for in 1810, inclined him to continue on the same lines, to deal next with the Anglo-Norman Church and so, progressively, to complete a history of the Church in England. However, a wider acquaintance with the printed sources of the period persuaded him that this would be imprudent; there would, he considered, be “more to disedify than to edify in such a continuation.” He was shocked by the evidence of

monastic scandals which he found in Wilkin's *Concilia*, and feared that, should he for his part praise the monks and clergy of the time, someone would be provoked to publishing "details which would horrify every well-meaning Catholic."

In 1809 he was negotiating with Coyne, a Dublin publisher, who wished to produce for the use of schools an abridgement of English history in which the errors of previous writers would be corrected. In the previous year Lingard had moved from Crook Hall to the new college at Ushaw, of which he was now vice-president. Two years later, after the death of Thomas Eyre, the first president, Lingard himself governed the college for a year as acting president until Eyre's successor, John Gillow, was able to take office; but by this time, for various reasons, he had decided to leave the college. Accordingly, in the late summer of 1811 Lingard left Ushaw and settled in the small mission at Hornby, near Lancaster, where he was to spend the remaining forty years of his life. Here, with unlimited time for reading and research, correcting the errors of previous historians for Coyne's *Abridgement* soon proved of less interest than the composition of his own narrative from the original authorities, with which he was now increasingly familiar. In 1813 he had written an outline history of England up to the death of Henry VII, and begun the work of revision; but in this process the original plan and scope of the work was transformed. What he now began to plan was a general history of England in which he would have the opportunity to deal in detail with these periods and problems in which the reputation of the Catholic Church in English eyes was at stake.

Lingard himself, in the preface to the first volume of the third edition of the *History* published in 1825, and in his replies to his friends and critics, describes at length the object and the method pursued in the composition of his work. It was to be, in the first place, such a history as Protestants would read, in which they would have confidence, and in which, after establishing his reputation as a moderate writer in the first volumes, he would be listened to with respect when he came to discuss more fully and freely the religious issues of the later centuries. On most literary subjects, as he knew and as he frankly told his readers, "the public mind is guided by the wisdom or prejudices of a few favourite writers, whose reputation consecrates their opinions,

and whose errors are often received by the incautious reader for truths." His first object then was to establish his reputation with the reader, and for this purpose he deliberately adopted a style different from that used in the *Anglo-Saxon Church*. There was to be no controversy, and no discussion of the truth or falsity of doctrine. He wished to discredit the Protestant legend as it appeared to Hume, but without appearing to attack him; and this he proposed to do by contradicting Hume's statements, and quoting in the footnotes the facts and the evidence on which his own opinion was based, thus making it possible for the reader to form his own judgment, both of the truth of the history and of the reputation of the historian. It was to be a laborious business, and Lingard realized the fact. But it was the only means of attaining his object. "I did not hesitate," he told his readers, "to take on myself a severe obligation . . . to take nothing on trust; to confine my researches in the first instance to original documents and the more ancient writers; and only to consult the modern historians when I had composed my own narrative." Only thus could he hope to stamp his work with those qualities of accuracy and novelty which alone would command the attention and respect of the reader. And, writing as a Catholic priest, he knew that he would be a target for the critics. "To catch a priest napping" afforded a particular pleasure to the *litterati* of the day. His only hope of being read was to be studiously moderate in his language and minutely accurate in stating the facts and quoting his sources. Whatever other defects might appear in the work, it would at least show "the merit of research and originality."

The principles and purpose of the work were thus clearly stated; but what was to be the method of procedure in a day and age when so many of the primary sources of European history were still in manuscript, in inaccessible archives and uncatalogued libraries, in a world without faculties of history and all those indispensable aids to research, in the use of which the modern historian's training so largely consists? The historian of medieval England was fairly well supplied with editions of the literary sources of the period, and to these he could add the great collections of documents published in the preceding "age of erudition." Little had been done at this time to edit documents of the modern period, beginning with the sixteenth century, and in any case

these materials gave only the English point of view. What Lingard wanted was to be able to compare different accounts of the same event, and what he sought in the first place was "the confidential correspondence of persons in high places," the contemporary correspondence of the diplomats and ambassadors, the popes and kings and princes in relations with the English court and people. Not only in matters of foreign policy, but even in domestic affairs, he considered it to be the duty of the historian "to forget that he is an Englishman, to contrast foreign with native authorities, to hold the balance between them with an equal hand," and then, "to judge impartially as a citizen of the world." But the problem was to find the materials with which to form these balanced judgments, to gain access, for example, to those foreign dispatches, familiar enough now to students in the great series of Calendars of State Papers, but then and long after lying undisturbed in the archives of Rome and Venice and Simancas. Lingard's own opportunities for research were extremely limited. In the summer of 1817 he paid a first visit to Italy, calling at Venice, Milan, Florence and Parma, and spending several weeks in Rome. The Vatican archives were his first objective, but these were at this time still in a state of confusion; they had been seized by Napoleon after the conquest of Italy and transported to Paris, and only recently restored. Many of the cases were not yet unpacked, and the archivist himself was not very helpful until expressly ordered by Cardinal Consalvi to produce the documents for which Lingard asked. Among these were the registers of Innocent III, containing the documents relating to Pandulf's legation and the surrender of England to the Holy See—a typical highlight of Protestant history, for the treatment of which these authentic documents were essential. Yet it is characteristic of the conditions under which Lingard worked in preparing his first edition, that though he used these papal bulls in re-writing the reign of John, he did not reveal that they came from the Vatican, since he was convinced that, if he disclosed this fact, they would be pronounced forgeries.

In this first visit to Rome Lingard could do little more than take note of the great wealth of material available, much of which he was to use in the course of the next thirty years—the enormous collections of papal letters, the correspondence of the papal agents in England in the seventeenth century, Con, Panzani, Rossetti,

D'Adda, the correspondence of Mary, Queen of Scots, the reports of Venetian ambassadors which he found in the Barberini archives and which he was to use for the reign of Elizabeth. And he had other business in Rome. In this year, largely through his efforts, the English College was restored, and, to his great good fortune, an old friend and a keen historian, Robert Gradwell, was in the following year appointed rector of the college. For ten years Gradwell was to be Lingard's most faithful collaborator. Under his direction he ransacked the archives and libraries of Rome—the Vatican, the Congregation of Propaganda, even the Holy Office, the private libraries of Prince Barberini and Prince Piombini, the house of the Irish Franciscans, St. Isidore's, where he discovered a quantity of documents on Cromwell's government of Ireland. Gradwell's contribution to the success of the *History* was considerable. He had a keen critical mind, and when he forwarded documents to England he added his own observations on their value. In addition, he introduced Lingard to the work of many historians, particularly Italians, whose names were unknown in England. Lingard himself had laid down as a guiding principle in his work the necessity of a comparative study of contemporary diplomatic correspondence; he was equally insistent that the English historian should be familiar with the work of foreign historians. Often enough, it was only in these last that he could hope to find references to unused source material, of the existence or location of which he would otherwise have been ignorant. It was largely through the study of such works that he was led to his own remarkable discoveries, and so to the writing of the most original chapters of his own *History*. The reader will find in the footnotes to the fifth edition of the *History* references to a score or so of French, Italian and Spanish works, many of which were "discovered" by Gradwell in the libraries of Rome and by him forwarded to England. One such was a *History of the Reformation in England*, published in 1594, the work of Girolamo Pollini, an Italian Dominican who had been a close friend of Cardinal Allen.¹ Another, frequently referred to by Lingard, was a considerable *History of the Church from the Great Schism to the end of the seventeenth century*, in twelve volumes; the author, Becchetti, also a Dominican, had been for many years secretary

¹ *Storia Ecclesiastica della Rivoluzione d'Inghilterra*, by Girolamo Pollini (One volume, Rome, 1594).

of the Congregation of the Index.¹ Both these works, as Gradwell pointed out, were partial and prejudiced, but both, and especially Becchetti's, printed valuable documents and showed where other important sources might be found.

For Lingard such clues as these works offered were often the only guides in his researches. He was, for example, much exercised to know how he should deal with the reign of Mary Tudor. This, clearly, was a critical issue for a Catholic historian, and it was a part of his task which Lingard at first did not relish. Hume had based his history of the reign on printed sources only, but he had made full use of the despatches of the French ambassadors which had been printed at Leyden by Vertot in 1763. From these he had drawn an apparently convincing picture of the deceit and double-dealing of the Catholic queen, of her cruelty and vindictiveness, of the determination of the Catholic party in their hour of triumph, and under the leadership of Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, to hand over the English people to the power of Spain. While preparing his first volume on the sixteenth century, Lingard came across a small book, little more than a pamphlet, by a learned French Jesuit, Père H. Griffet, who in 1766 had published at Amsterdam, in the form of a letter to Hume, a reasoned criticism of the Scottish historian's account of Mary.² He showed that where Hume had relied on the unsupported evidence of the French ambassadors his conclusions were at least suspect, since these were in every case formally contradicted by the reports of Simon Renard, the Imperial ambassador. Père Griffet's volume was to solve part at least of Lingard's problem. The Jesuit gave no indication of where Renard's letters were to be found, but with the help of the Archbishop of Paris they were eventually discovered in the library at Besançon, and by the same agency transcripts were made which enabled Lingard to give a very different account of the early months of the reign, and, above all, to show Gardiner as a true patriot and an opponent of the Spanish marriage. Lingard regarded his chapters on Mary as among the most original in a work for which he claimed originality as the chief merit; and a comparison of what he then wrote with a

¹ *Istoria degli ultimi quattro secoli della Chiesa . . .*, by Filippo Becchetti (Twelve volumes, Rome, 1788-97).

² *Nouveaux éclaircissements sur l'histoire de Marie, reine d'Angleterre . . . adressés à M. David Hume . . .*, by Henri Griffet, S.J. (Amsterdam, 1766).

modern and fully documented history of the reign shows that on all important points his conclusions still stand.

But it was not always possible to proceed so satisfactorily. The rich archives of Venice were not available until many years later, after the work of Rawdon Brown, some of whose transcripts Lingard was able to use for the last edition of the *History*, which appeared in 1849. More important for his purpose were the records in the national archives of Spain, at Simancas. He later claimed to have written the history of Elizabeth "entirely from authentic papers," and among these he included the correspondence of Philip II with his ambassadors. But here the difficulties were considerable. Spain was the most backward of all European countries in historical studies, and the Spaniards were jealous of foreign historians. At Valladolid was the English College, and the rector, Alexander Cameron, offered to transcribe any documents to which access might be possible. But the restrictions under which he was at first placed made any genuine research virtually impossible. Any document for which he asked was brought by the archivist, from whom he was separated by a metal rail; he was not allowed to see the document himself, but it was read to him rapidly. Nor was he allowed to take any notes of what he heard, but was obliged to commit what he could to memory and write it down to the best of his recollection when he returned home. Cameron's successor, Thomas Sherborne, seems to have been allowed more liberty, if one may judge from the transcripts he sent to England, but to the historian the whole situation was unsatisfactory, and he never quoted these reports from Valladolid unless they were confirmed from other sources. Lingard was never false to his first principle, never to quote any but authentic documents, and always to give exact reference to his sources of information. Only in this way could he establish the facts, and it was with facts that he was concerned. So long as he pursued this method he was unassailable, and he knew it.

It is possible to trace in some detail in the pages of his correspondence the researches which he thus pursued to the end of his life and through five succeeding editions of the *History*. The success of the earlier editions brought him a vast correspondence, and offers of help and gifts of books and manuscript materials which greatly facilitated the constant work of revision. The critics of the work had been very cautious, and were at first

extremely cool; but he had given them no handle, the moderation of his language pleased the wider public, and after the disastrous failure of the attempt to "expose" his account of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's, made by Dr. Allen, one of the most famous literary figures of the day, the tone of the critics changed, the merits of the work were widely and generously recognized, the author became a public figure. For half a century, until the appearance of J. R. Green's single-volume *Short History of England* in 1874, Lingard's was the standard work on the subject. Even Macaulay was to prove no serious rival. His first volume was published in 1848 and swept England and America like a modern best-seller, making a fortune for its author in a few months. But Macaulay's range was narrow, he knew nothing of English history before the seventeenth century, and his work contained little that was original before the reign of William of Orange. Even in his own day there were those who compared unfavourably his oratorical style with the sober prose of Lingard, while the blind prejudice of his judgment and his open partisanship were too evident to be missed.

Lingard at least was satisfied with his achievement, content that he had succeeded in what had been the first object of his work, the breaking down of Protestant prejudice. His lifetime had coincided with a remarkable change in the situation of the English Catholics. When, as a small boy of eleven, he went from Winchester to Douai, he left an England in which the tiny Catholic minority lived still, as they had lived for two centuries, under the shadow of the penal laws; where the priest dressed as any sober layman might dress, in a brown suit, where such churches as existed were so designed as not to call attention to their purpose, and where the Mass was still spoken of as "prayers." When he returned in 1793, there was already a change evident at Winchester, where several hundred Catholic priests, like himself refugees from the French Revolution, were lodged and boarded at the expense of the Protestant British government.

There were soon other signs of coming change—the first tentative steps towards Catholic emancipation, the increasing numbers of conversions. It was precisely to facilitate this change of mind in the English people that he devoted the labours of a long life, not, indeed, to painting a picture of some fictitious Merrie England, but to showing the English people that their

national religion was become a vested interest, that their cherished Protestant beliefs were based upon an interpretation of past events which could not be reconciled with the facts of history. Lingard was convinced of the fundamental reasonableness of the average educated Englishman, and of the certain gain to the Catholic cause if only a fair hearing could be obtained. He longed to see more conversions, but, as he used to tell his old friend John Walker of Scarborough, he wanted to see more "respectable" converts, men and women of education and position, whose own example would persuade others that the Catholics of England were other than they had long been represented. A change in the affairs of the English Catholics was already remarked at Rome in 1825; and some share in bringing this about was there attributed, so early, to Lingard's influence. Of that influence he himself, with all his modesty, had at the end of his life no doubt. "I have long had the notion," he wrote in 1850, "that the revolution in the Protestant mind as to the doctrines of Popery was owing to my history. Young and inquisitive minds in the universities were inclined to examine my authorities contradicting their favourite religious opinions; and finding them correct, began to doubt of their previous convictions, and so forth. This is very presumptuous of me—still I have no doubt of having been the original cause of the new feeling created in the universities on that head."

Lingard once told Gradwell that he wanted any and every document which would serve to make the Catholic Church "respectable" in the eyes of Protestants. But his was to be no mere work of propaganda; he wished others to judge it as he judged it himself, by the strictest canons of historical criticism; and after more than a century his *History* is still referred to in the standard bibliographies as a work of authority. It is the least compliment that could be paid to it; for, seen in true perspective, Lingard's was not merely the first fully documented history of England to appear, it was also the firm and sure foundation on which all succeeding generations of historians have based their work.

MOUNTAIN MYSTICISM

By

KATHARINE CHORLEY

MOUNTAINEERS who write about their experiences can be divided roughly into two categories: those who confine themselves to a factual narrative enriched, when they have the capacity, by descriptive passages often of surprising beauty, and those who in addition report upon their psychological reactions, reflecting not only upon what they have seen and done but upon what they have felt.

Anyone who has read much mountaineering literature will have noticed as a striking fact how frequently these latter have recourse to concepts and a terminology which properly belong to religion and further how apt they are to invest their mental reactions with a quasi-mystical significance and to inform the mountains which have produced these reactions with a kind of pantheistic soul. This is pre-eminently a twentieth-century development, but even the hardy Victorian agnostics like Leslie Stephen and Professor W. E. Tyndall were not immune:

If I were to invent a new idolatry (rather a needless task) [writes Stephen] I should prostrate myself, not before beast or ocean or sun, but before one of those gigantic masses to which, in spite of all reason, it is impossible not to attribute some shadowy personality. Their voice is mystic and has found discordant interpreters; but to me at least it speaks in tones at once more tender and more awe-inspiring than that of any mortal teacher.

And again, when he is describing the view of the Wengern Alp in winter (the date is nearly a century ago and the description regrettably would scarcely be applicable to-day to snow-slopes restless with scores of skiers):

There are sights and scenes in presence of which the describer, who must feel himself to be, at best, a very poor creature, begins to be sensible that he is not only impertinent but profane. . . . I could of course give a rough catalogue of the beauties of the Wengern Alp

in winter, a rhapsody about the loveliness of peaks seen between the loaded pine-branches, or the marvellous variety of sublimity and tender beauty enjoyed in perfect calm of bright weather on the dividing ridge. But I refrain. To me the Wengern Alp is a sacred place, the holy of holies in the mountain sanctuary and the emotions produced when no desecrating influence is present . . . belong to that innermost region of feeling which I would not, if I could, lay bare.

These passages are from *The Playground of Europe* and it is interesting to notice in that book that whenever Stephen suddenly becomes self-conscious with a passing thought that his readers might be expecting him to do a piece of philosophizing, he immediately rides away on a rather discordant note of tough philistinism. In the paragraphs quoted, he seems unconscious of self, in earnest, revealing his intimate mind.

Tyndall concludes his account of the first ascent of the Weisshorn as follows (he is recalling the summit view):

Over the peaks and through the valleys the sunbeams poured, unimpeded save by the mountains themselves, which in some cases drew their shadows in straight bars of darkness through the illuminated air. I had never before witnessed a scene which affected me like this. . . . An influence seemed to proceed from it direct to the soul; the delight and exultation experienced were not those of Reason or Knowledge but of Being: I was part of it and it of me, and in the transcendent glory of nature I entirely forgot myself as man. . . . I opened my notebook to make a few observations, but soon relinquished the attempt. There was something incongruous, if not profane, in allowing the scientific faculty to interfere when silent worship was the reasonable service.

Some of the moderns go further and have constructed from these experiences what amounts to a private metaphysic and religion of their own. Mr. W. H. Murray, a Scotsman who has recently written two fine books on climbing in the Scottish Highlands, reflects thus:

I absorbed the beauty along with the sunshine untroubled by desire to act or think. However, stray thoughts stepped forward from time to time and presented themselves for inspection. In the mountain scene around me the fittingness of everything impressed me—the way in which so great a wealth of detail—diverse detail too—was integrated into the whole; a unity of order in which the good was manifested and beauty revealed. Man cannot live in that

harmony with the good, as do the trees and birds and animals, blindly through the grace of nature; he has to do it of freewill and that seemed to me the purpose of man's life as seen from Ben Alder Forest.

In the final chapter of his second book *Undiscovered Scotland* he works out his mountain credo in some detail and it is quite clear that he believes it in the most practical way as a creed by which to live:

Our search for beauty being conscious, our best policy is to begin with simple things, infinite in number and commonly disregarded: the touch of wind on the cheek, rocks, the smell of pines and bog myrtle, morning dew and the song of water, snow ridges in sun, tall trees and corries. Let us see their beauty and remember, and then take a wider sweep to embrace the greater things . . . seeking always the underlying beauty, and proceeding from lesser forms to greater, we end with the form that displays to us greatest beauty, and dwell upon that; we allow it to evoke in our hearts devotion and reverence. . . . Encourage these feelings of love for the ideas of beauty. Let them grow and fill and reverberate through the consciousness. For within the soul they nourish a power that gradually opens the spiritual eye. Then truly our minds are in a state of growth. . . . When our work has continued awhile we become aware that infinitely various as the forms of beauty are, it is changeless and eternal. This beauty is increasingly known by the mind, for the more the will turns the mind as a mirror to the sun of beauty, the more clear and revealing does its light become. We are fired with desire to be made one with beauty in knowledge and love.

Mr. R. L. G. Irving finishes his book *The Romance of Mountaineering* with a chapter titled "Solvitur in Excelsis," and here he writes:

There are moments which stand out in our long hours of glorious experience like those in which we came to some high point, and, as we looked out over what was before us, we knew certainty and doubt was impossible. Those moments are as great rocks to which the frail tabernacle of our mind is held fast, when the mists of doubt and the winds of fear come about it. We cannot help being shaken or having our vision darkened, but we know that we have had moments of clearer vision, and that in them we had certainty. A certainty of what? It is hard to put it into words. It was a certainty that beauty and truth and generosity were real things, that there was something embracing all of these that gave direction to life, and an

assurance that their reality need not be doubted when we saw them as we generally do, in a glass, darkly.

Now there are several considerations which can be advanced to account for this semi-religious and mystical attitude of mind towards mountains. In the last essay of *A Postscript to Adventure*, Lord Schuster discusses the subject with much common sense and wisdom. He points out, for example, that English writing is steeped in metaphor and that any writer needs metaphor to convey the effect of mountaineering on his mind and emotions. The danger is that metaphor leads so easily to loose thinking and a half belief in its reality: "If he goes on calling mountains cathedrals, he may come to think they are cathedrals; if he goes on attributing divine personality to a mountain he may come to believe it to be God, and so, to put the matter as George Herbert puts it from a Christian standpoint, to rest in Nature, not the God of nature." Indeed, attributing any sort of personality to a mountain—which is the mountain writer's besetting temptation—leads to muddled-mindedness. "The hill . . . is stable now, grown old and solid and respectable; forgotten are the fires and passions of its youth; it contemplates without a qualm its past unruly glory, secure in the knowledge of its present beauty. It is kindly to men. It likes to feel them clambering on its crags or trudging over its peat and heather. It dreams in peace, content in destiny and God." This is obvious nonsense. A mountain is a mass of inanimate matter; and Frank Smythe who wrote about it thus was simply projecting his own emotions. When, a little later, he confesses: "I can only write of what I feel and what I feel is infinitely more important than what I think, because what I feel is what I am and what I think is merely a superficial means by which I endeavour to express what I feel—a task beyond all wit or understanding," he gives away his position with both hands. Yet, when he confined himself to narrative and description, Smythe was an admirable writer, clear and vivid and accurate.

All this takes us some way towards an explanation of the confusion of mind which the use of religious terms and concepts sets up, but does not tell us why in the first instance it should be necessary for mountaineers to use religious terms at all. But anyone who has tried to describe some great experience on a mountain knows how difficult in fact it is to dispense with these terms. For the states of mind which the experiences engender can often

be expressed only in terms which belong primarily to religion; awe, a sense of the uncertainty of human striving, a sense of withdrawal and detachment from the world which strangely comes to some people when they are keyed up to a very high pitch of physical and mental endeavour, a sense of purity beyond nature in the view of a great snowfield or a dawn sun lighting still summits.

This difficulty may lead to a confusion which goes much deeper than that of attaching too much meaning to a metaphor. The man who calls a mountain a cathedral is doing more than overworking a metaphor. He is expressing a mental association. It may be that he never uses a cathedral for the purpose for which the cathedral was built. But he associates cathedrals with this sense of the "numinous" which he gets on mountains. Indeed, if he does use a cathedral for the definite purpose for which it was built he probably will not feel this association, a point the significance of which may emerge later. So an easy step forward and the mountain itself comes to symbolize these emotions, almost to incarnate and make them manifest in concrete form. And it is an age-old weakness of the human intellect to confuse the symbol with the idea symbolized. Lord Schuster in fact suggests this point when he says, in speaking of Stephen and Tyndall: "Both seem to me in danger of mistaking the altar for the deity, the empty throne for the renounced God." It may be doubted whether Stephen and Tyndall made this mistake intellectually even for a moment, but emotionally they obviously did. Unknown to themselves, they were releasing among the mountains man's natural desire to worship which they had denied to themselves intellectually in regard to its proper object. And because the denial was intellectual and the affirmation emotional, the latter took undisciplined forms. Stephen's "shadowy personality" is simply the old pagan notion of attributing personality to natural phenomena—an odd form of primitive animism for the lordly author of the *Agnostic's Apology*. And Tyndall's nobler "Being—a part of me" is frank pantheism. But in both cases there is the masking overlay of mystical feeling.

The modern mountain mystic goes on to bog himself more inextricably. He is not as a rule a definite atheist or agnostic, but rather one of those who have rejected the steady trimmed lamps of organized religion and are in search for a substitute to lighten

the blank shade of secularism. Some people find this substitute in a political faith, some in the religion of humanism, some in art. But there are others, and not a few, who find it on mountains. It is not merely fanciful to suggest some co-relation between the development of mountain mysticism and the decline of organized religion. In conscious rather nostalgic search for the missing deity, the mountain mystic feels a response through his symbolism personal to himself which he can leave comfortably vague and savour emotionally to his heart's content. Nor does he leave the matter there. Reflecting upon his emotions, he makes out of them, as we have seen, a quasi-religious construction. He brings his own private tables down with him from the mountain and concludes that he is a wiser and freer man than the theologian whose articulated beliefs he regards as slavery to an artificial system. "The young men and women of to-day are seeking in Nature [notice the capital] a solution to life's problems. . . . The future happiness and peace of man lies not with a concrete and remote God, worshipped by plan and ritual, but in a fuller appreciation of a God seen through the beauties of the universe. . . . It is not a matter of segregation and sectarianism, but of a universal appreciation, a perfect understanding and affinity between man and his Maker. It is for this reason that men love Nature and turn their eyes upwards to the hills." Thus Frank Smythe once more. No one questions his sincerity. The lamp he lit on the hills gave him a beam that satisfied him, but when he turned it on to organized religion it seemed only to light up confusion in his own mind. Clearly, he had not seriously attempted to understand what he was attacking.

Pursuing the problem, it will help now to contrast the passages quoted as typical of mountain mysticism with two others which also describe the effect on the seer of similar mountain experiences:

One felt as in the more immediate Presence of Him who had reared this tremendous pinnacle, and beneath the "majestical roof" of whose deep blue Heaven we stood, poised as it seemed, half-way between the earth and sky.

and

At that height . . . in the centre of the grandest of all the grand Alpine theatres . . . in that pure transparent atmosphere, under that sky of deepest blue, lit by a crescent moon and sparkling with stars

as far as the eye could reach . . . in that silence. . . . We felt ourselves to be in the presence of a novel and most imposing revelation of the omnipotence and majesty of God. . . . How could we even think of the fatigue we had endured, much less complain of it?

The contrast is subtle but profound. The two writers of these paragraphs use the language of religion, but they use it directly in regard to God. There is not a trace of animism or pantheism or the cloudy mystical feeling born of an uncomprehended emotion. The relation between Creator and creature is clear-cut and distinctly made. Their reaction is plainly that "The Heavens declare the Glory of God and the earth showeth His handiwork." In short, for them mountains are a means not an end. The end they know from their theology.

The first of these writers is Mr. Justice Wills, a Victorian Protestant, describing his state of mind on the summit of the Wetterhorn which he was the first amateur to ascend. The second is Achille Ratti, later His Holiness Pope Pius XI, recording what he thought and felt during an enforced night bivouac on his great traverse of Monte Rosa.

The Christian hypothesis clarifies and explains these mountain experiences. Even those who doubt its truth must admit that on its premisses the explanation it gives is a rational one, satisfying the facts. For if as it states the purpose of man is to glorify God, then it exhibits the mountains as a means provided by God for giving Him praise. Always there are means provided for giving God glory, but the means provided in mountaineering are more dramatic, more readily recognized, more easily disentangled from world-ridden values than those we have to seek for in our everyday lives. The rungs of Jacob's ladder can be grasped more easily from the summit of the Weisshorn or the Wetterhorn than they can from Charing Cross. And here, perhaps, will be found the key which explains the tremendous devotion which mountains win, in particular from the "spiritually unanchored," and also the key to their strange ways of expressing it. For the invitation to praise is issued to every man because he is a man. Surely, it is this invitation which the so-called mountain mystic hears and recognizes as one may recognize a melody while teasingly unable to put a name to it. If the invitation is real, then the mountain experience is a response to reality, something far more profound than a mere substitute for a rejected Faith. The confusion arises—

the metaphors stretched beyond their capacity, the identification of symbol and idea symbolized, the throwback to animism, the misty metaphysics—from the earnest floundering efforts of those who have lost the key to pick the lock with a key of their own contriving. They are being driven to seek a key; for if a mountain experience can often only be expressed in terms which belong to religion, then it would seem to follow that those who try to express it will be in a state of mind in which, though unawares, they may be more than normally receptive to the things of God.

But there is surely no mysticism in the true sense. For mysticism is said to be communion with God direct, beyond the corporal senses, without the aid of imagination or emotion or even of the discursive intellect. If a man is going to attribute shadowy personality to a mountain or identify himself with it as a part of Being, he is obviously putting the mountain between himself and God. He is not detached from creatures; on the contrary he is focused on the mountain creature. God is an inference, conscious or unconscious, from His creatures. Even if he is responding to the mountain experience in a fully Christian way by giving God the glory, he is still dependent on the mountain agent whose initial appeal has been to his senses. And he will be the first to disclaim any mystical experience in the theological meaning and to deprecate the loose use of the term mysticism in these connections.

Many different urges send men to the mountains; love of adventure, the virtuoso's pleasure in the exercise of his craft, the longing to get away from the artificial life of an urban civilization. All these are adequate and satisfying reasons. And there are numbers of mountaineers who can enjoy their sport and appreciate mountain beauty without being aware of the overtones which have been under discussion. But in a world of increasingly secular values there are also these others who are aware of the overtones and who find on high hills a deeper escape—not away from reality but towards Reality. The wasted opportunity arises when they are content merely to *feel* the mystery, or if they seek for an explanation to leave off the search at the confines of their own minds. "And it was because mountaineers," writes Mr. Arnold Lunn, "had failed to explain the Wetterhorn that I finally turned to the theologians and philosophers and sought in their works a key to the mystery of mountain beauty and to the influence of mountains on the mind of man."

PHILOSOPHERS AND THEIR MENTORS

By

VINCENT TURNER

A FRIEND OF MINE, a man who has spent all his life among painters and paintings, once said to me that he thought that, among the salient characteristics of human nature, the capacity to be outraged took a high place on the list. He meant emotional and intellectual outrage, moral too, and that people seem to like finding matter about which to be indignant. Most of us, I suppose, enjoy moral indignation. As Achilles says in Homer, nothing is sweeter than anger; it is much sweeter than honey. Human nature usually likes to worry as well, and worry about high matters joined to indignation about high matters makes for strong emotion. Strong emotion may at times be in place, but it has the disadvantage of getting in the way of a cool scrutiny of what it is that the emotion is directed against.

Now I do not for a moment pretend that Christians have no reason for irritation or discontent about "modern philosophy" in our Universities, or in some of them that are the most lively, like Oxford. (But when would such an observation not be relevant?) They find philosophers sometimes analysing theological and Christian utterances, for example, in a way that shows they do not grasp what it is that a Christian means by them, in a way that reveals much ignorance of Christian theology. But it is extremely important, it seems to me, to locate accurately what it is that gets on our nerves or disturbs us or makes us feel we are being hustled into false positions. I am sure that an all-over suspiciousness or enmity to "modern philosophy" is not only bad strategy and sterile; it is not in place. Nor is it an attitude proper to a man who knows what the facts are and what sort of activity philosophy is.

What, then, is "modern philosophy?" Its mentors are not

always clear, and its practitioners are accordingly deaf to their indictments, because they feel the mentors have got them all wrong. Sides are then taken, and trenches dug. For this the philosophers themselves are in some measure to blame. With the exception of Professor Gilbert Ryle's *The Concept of Mind*, which was the subject of an article in *THE MONTH* for April 1950, and, in a much lesser degree, of Mr. Stephen Toulmin's *The Place of Reason in Ethics*,¹ the general educated public has no means of knowing what the contemporary philosophers who make most stir are up to. They hardly publish books. Some, but not all, of them contribute from time to time to *Mind* or to the *Aristotelian Society*. Unpublished papers sometimes circulate among a favoured few. As it turns out, the version of "modern philosophy" that is most widely known, logical positivism, is a mode of philosophizing, or rather a programme, that contemporary philosophers do not countenance. The result is that books of criticism tend to miss the mark, because the target is a moving one and has moved some little way in the last decade. This is a comment that has to be made even on Professor Winston Barnes' excellent, if avowedly polemical, little book, *The Philosophical Predicament*.² It is not quite a fair comment and I shall qualify it shortly.

Professor Barnes, of Durham, has written an account of what those philosophers who have enjoyed most repute in this century were doing and of what they thought they were doing. He begins, naturally, with trying to make clear the notions of philosophical analysis elaborated, *in ambulando*, by G. E. Moore and Bertrand Russell, and, with these notions, the ideas that these two very different and differently inspired philosophers had about the relation of philosophical analysis to common sense (or natural science) and to ordinary language. This part of Professor Barnes' book may make difficult reading for the general reader for whom it is intended. But, admitted the necessary brevity, the author has succeeded in a very difficult job, for he has managed to describe lucidly a very complicated and elusive subject-matter. His criticism, too, is to the point, and still relevant to our contemporaries. In the analytical work of a philosopher like Professor Gilbert Ryle, for instance, it is often not very clear whether to correct the logical geography of concepts that we know how to

¹ Cambridge University Press 16s.

² A. and C. Black 10s.

use is also so to analyse our concepts that we should recognize the analysis as elucidating the meaning of what we say, or whether it is so to analyse them that the analysis is an analysis of what we should mean if we thought somewhat differently and as Professor Gilbert Ryle (to stick to our example) thinks. In the latter case—and it appears to be the case of much analysis—though it professes to elucidate the meaning of the concepts that we know how to use, and to take its bearings at every instant from ordinary language, analytical philosophy is in fact doing something much less modest and much more like what older metaphysicians were doing. In fact, classificatory analysis has become interpretative analysis; logical classification, in appearance so modest, has become re-interpretation. Re-interpretation is, of course, a perfectly legitimate business, but it is nothing so self-effacing as analysis.

With this sort of criticism Professor Barnes would agree. Indeed, he has many good things to say about it, as one would expect from any philosopher who sets out to discuss G. E. Moore. For in Moore you have a man for whom common sense is the touchstone of philosophical sanity, and perhaps something more, and whose common-sense philosophizing is none the less rather more paradoxical and complicated than metaphysical writing cast in a more traditional mould.

I suppose that most readers will rekindle their alertness when, in Chapter VI of *The Philosophical Predicament*, they reach the account of logical positivism. It is an extremely good treatment, careful and fair and thorough, and relentless. But it is flogging a horse now dead—or is it? In its heyday, logical positivism had a programme. Indeed, to read the early Ayer was reminiscent of reading Communist or other manifestoes. The programme was overtly drawn up to liquidate certain traditional procedures, and particularly metaphysics. It was drawn up in the interests (as these were imagined) of natural science, and one felt that the belief that only natural science was intellectually respectable was responsible for the senses unwittingly given to familiar English words—words like “clarity,” for instance, or “explanation”: science was the model of what intelligible discourse should be. This programme, of course, involved as many paradoxes and as many brutal ways of dealing with ordinary language as did the older idealism that was anathema to it. Professor Barnes does

justice by many of these, and the "verification principle" itself comes in for some excellent criticism.

Now as I said earlier, not many contemporary philosophers are logical positivists in this sense. As a system for distinguishing, between propositions, sheep and goats, the meaningful and the meaningless, it is no longer in vogue. It is dead, from natural causes. But not only is English empiricism, from which logical positivism derives, a potent influence; the philosophers whose work does most to make philosophy lively nowadays, including those who would most strongly object to being labelled as logical positivist, have all, in one way or another, been naturally affected by this or that feature of it, the Christians among them no less than the others. How extensive this influence is, and of what sort it is, varies from man to man, and is not always apparent, either. Certainly it cannot be settled or mapped out in advance.

Now this complicates the present situation, and about the present situation Professor Barnes has nothing to say. He does indeed devote a chapter to "therapeutic positivism," or "logico-therapy," by which he means the manner of doing philosophy whose best-known exponent is Mr. John Wisdom, of Cambridge, a disciple (liberal independent) of the later Wittgenstein. But brevity and, perhaps, a defect of sympathy make him do poorly by Wisdom, though it is, of course, not easy to be satisfactory about a philosopher who "never is—but always to be wise" and whose dialectical method is to talk the thing out, showing all the while that whatever one says is both correct and incorrect (i.e. misleading) in important respects, so that it is no bad way of proceeding to say one thing and then say the opposite. But at bottom the reason why Professor Barnes cannot but do poorly by Wisdom is that he cannot catch him and pin him down, as he can a logical positivist. For the Wisdom way of doing philosophy is not according to a programme, still less according to a system—and that is presumably why there are no books written in this *genre*. It is a method of approach, a method of handling problems.

Now it is a method of approach rather than a body of doctrine that distinguishes contemporary philosophy where it is liveliest. With many particular revisions and modulations and variations, there is a method that is common to all. In a more downright version, one that will more readily commit itself than Mr. Wisdom

would, the method is practised to answer questions that are roughly of this sort. Where once, a decade ago, a philosopher might have said that a theistic proposition, let us say, was meaningless, now he will not say anything like that. Instead, he will ask questions about logical classification. What is the logic of theological propositions? How do they behave? What is their place on the language-map? What is their logical type? Do they differ from factual propositions (those that assert matters of fact), and, if they do, are they still sufficiently like factual assertions to permit their appropriate and useful classification as factual or descriptive statements? If they are not sufficiently like descriptive assertions, of what logical sort are they? Are they emotive in some way, or are they "absolute presuppositions" that by definition cannot be true or false?¹

Now among philosophers who work in this sort of way there are great differences both of faith and of temperament. Some are Christians and some are atheists. (Not that their atheism has much to do with their philosophy. It would be as enlightening to blame Oxford for contemporary atheism as to blame Oxford for Communism. Atheism is part of the *Zeitgeist*, for which the blame lies, if anywhere, nearer home. But Oxford is always news, and what is news is usually bad news.) Some are radical and iconoclastic, some very cultured and patient. Some are deflationary and, like Professor Ryle, partial to self-consciously home-spun metaphors² ("What job do God-sentences do?"); some are alive to poetry and mysticism, as is Mr. John Wisdom in some of his moods. But where there is such diversity of temperament and faith and outlook among the practitioners of a certain philosophical method, it becomes less easy to detect, under this method, a definite programme and bias. (There is, of course, a general empiricist bias; but to say that is not to say much.) Yet we do like to detect such a programme, and that not only because we like to tabulate and label and have the imagined security of knowing where we are. It is a matter of experience that what has often seemed to be neutral and simply exploratory or elucidatory has usually turned out to be directed by a definite, though underground, programme or rough body of doctrine or set of assumptions. But, again, when a complex phenomenon is before our eyes and of today and very

¹ *Vide* the symposium *Theology and Falsification* in *University* No. 1.

² I borrow the expression from an Oxford colleague, Mr. Basil Mitchell.

close, one is conscious of differences between its representatives, whereas to the historian of fifty years hence the dissimilarities will have been smoothed out and it will be the likenesses that are most striking. Is this because the aerial view leaves out what most matters, or because it leaves in what only matters? Contemporary painting provokes an exactly similar question.

However this may be, modern philosophers in Oxford and Cambridge, as I said earlier, have all been affected in one way or another by logical positivism. Perhaps this explains how it is that from time to time, under the neutral business of logical classification, one detects rumbles of older things, even of the verification principle itself. Professor Barnes has a shrewd remark to the effect that "behind the highly-sophisticated conventionalism of Professor Carnap and the positivists lurks a naïve and vague utilitarianism which, if it were formulated, would take some such crude form as 'Don't let's talk about God and the Absolute; *it gets us nowhere,*' and 'Don't let us tell lies; *it has such distressing results.*' " From time to time, in the deflationary moments of logical analysis, one wonders whether behind the logical sophistication there are not lurking some similar ideas about man and his place in nature.

I myself think that sometimes some such ideas are operative. But it is, I am sure, impossible to generalize what sometimes happens into an all-over diagnosis. But then, I must confess, I happen to know Oxford well and accordingly have little sympathy with Christians who are in a flurry of moral indignation and in a mighty hurry to indict all contemporary philosophical procedures for impiety or atheism. There is no necessary connection. Logical positivism itself did indeed gain a great name, and appealed to the inherent iconoclasm of the young; perhaps it attracted them, too, or some of them, because, if it were true, it let them off reading difficult philosophical classics. It gained its name because it chimed with the *Zeitgeist*, and because it had at its command a powerful and relentless and aggressive technique. In fact, its manner resembles nothing so much as scholasticism in its decadence. It was, of course, noisy and brash. Whereas Idealism, a corrosive philosophy if ever there was one, but of which no such complaint of impiety is made, was refined and sometimes sanctimonious, apt to take on the mantle of the prophets. But it is Idealism and not Positivism that is the dan-

gerous enemy for the Christian, if it is enemies that we are looking for; and Idealism's infiltration is more subtle and more deadly. Paradoxical though it may sound, if Christians want something to worry about, it is Collingwood I should offer them and not Professor Ayer.

But this, as I say, is in the past. To one who is obsessed by the bogey of logical positivism Mr. Toulmin's book, *The Place of Reason in Ethics*, may very well be commended. For Mr. Toulmin is Cambridge-trained, first in natural science and then in philosophy: he sat at the feet of Professor Ludwig Wittgenstein and of Mr. John Wisdom. It is not by any means, I think, as good a book as Mr. Toulmin is capable of writing; he has done much better work since he wrote it and will do far better work in the future. He fails, perhaps, through being too summary and not thorough enough, as for instance in his criticism of the three theories about ethics from which he starts, the objectivist, the subjectivist, and the imperatival. There is, again, much to be said for regarding ethical theories as disguised comparisons, but Mr. Toulmin has not said it. Not that there is not much of interest by the way. He is of most interest when he is discussing matters concerned with logic of science and how questions in science, and in ethics, differ from what he calls "limiting questions" and what others have called "metaphysical questions." But here, too, Mr. Toulmin's treatment of this difference is too summary and sketchy; at the time when he wrote, he was, I imagine, also handicapped by insufficient acquaintance with what people have in mind when they ask these "limiting" or "metaphysical" questions. They are often theological questions, and questions that Christians ask, and Mr. Toulmin would appear not to know well enough the contexts in which they are asked, or how they are asked, and therefore to be ill equipped to grasp the logic of them. In the ethical part itself of the book, much as one likes the agenda—the setting out to discover what are the characteristics of good reasons for doing what we say we ought to do—Mr. Toulmin is again in a hurry and a trifle dogmatic. Good reasons for doing what we ought to do, he declares, amount to one of two kinds. Either the contemplated action falls under a rule which is the code of our community; or (a quite different kind) it is productive of greater happiness. This will not do, simply served up, as it is, with a dosage of sociology and a dosage of utili-

tarianism. The attitude that generates his view appears to be that of the early G. E. Moore (*Principia Ethica*) crossed with that of the later Lord Keynes. It is a fine ancestry, but it is not moral philosophy.

However, it is not at all my aim to criticize *The Place of Reason in Ethics* in any detail. My aim is quite other. It is to make only this point; to say: Here you have a book written by a man who is regarded as a philosopher in the linguistic manner, a philosopher who is alleged to think that philosophical questions are questions about words. Very well. Read it, and you will find neither logical positivism nor any suggestion that philosophical questions are *metely* questions about words, or questions about *mere* words. Philosophical problems have often, very often, been about words, but rarely merely about words. Consider an example that has already been used. The logical classification of theological utterances as either factual or as some other kind of utterances is, if you like, a question about words. But it is a question about the facts as well. It is a question about which classification does most justice to the utterances concerned, and that cannot be settled except by finding out what the utterances purport to mean. You cannot make up your mind whether ways of speaking are appropriate or not unless you have in mind what it is that you are talking about, and why you are talking as you do, and this is certainly not a question of *mere* words.

As I have said elsewhere, a net result of modern philosophical work has been to put philosophy in its place. It is a result that I myself find not unwelcome. Yet perhaps it is this feature of "modern philosophy," misunderstood though it is, that gives most worry to Christians, especially to young men and the unprofessional mentors of the philosophers. For they have grown up, I think, to expect from philosophy what it is not the business of philosophy to give; their demands on philosophy are accordingly, I think, out of place. It is not the job of philosophy to impart information about the world in the way in which empirical studies do. It does, indeed, yield new information in a sense, in the way in which poetry, too, does, or painting: by putting the familiar in a new light. But it is not the job of philosophy to give a "philosophy of life," just like that, as the older phrase went. It is the job of religion, and I doubt whether a Christian should complain if he is reminded that it is not from the words of

philosophers but from the Word of God that his life should take its sense and its colour.

The anti-metaphysical prejudice is not now a matter of doctrine. That is breaking up. No doubt it shows itself in the present preoccupation with linguistic analysis. What are the logical types of our utterances? Is this or that way of talking appropriate or not, and how appropriate? But in this form, though the dresses it wears are novel, the questioning is often traditional. How one can talk of God at all, for example, is a problem at least many centuries old. Yet till they are pricked and goaded into it, Christians persist in leaving unexplored the ramifications of analogy and of analogical thinking, and are not always as aware as they should be how extensive these ramifications are or what is their guarantee. It is not enough to talk, in some abstract ontology, of analogy of being. What is far more interesting and far more important is to know what we mean by our words when we say that God loves us, or that God is intelligent, or that God is merciful, and so on, and to know what reason we have for saying that such words are appropriate words to use of the Incomprehensible Godhead. It is around these and similar questions that not a little contemporary thinking turns. And it is interesting that at the very time when British philosophy is active and on the move, excites its devotees as it has not done for many a decade, it should be in the end the old questions that are under scrutiny, and not the endless questions about sense-data that were hashed and rehashed twenty or fewer years ago. The subject-matter of philosophy is more exciting again than once it was. Oddly enough, Oxford has rarely been so deeply interested in questions about theism as it is now.

THE RESTORED MOSAICS OF SAINT SOPHIA

By

DAVID TALBOT RICE

"**T**HANKS BE TO GOD, who has made me worthy to surpass even thee, O Solomon." So spake Justinian when he entered the great church of St. Sophia on the completion of its building under his patronage in the year 537, and the spirit of his words has been echoed since then by vast crowds of worshippers. The views of those who saw the building in its early glory were recorded by Procopios, and from that time onwards there has been no disputing the fact that St. Sophia was the most superb edifice in the whole of Christendom. Its decoration matched its architecture, and the marble slabs that covered the walls on their lower levels, and the mosaics that adorned them above were the wonder of all, as were the silver iconostasis, the gold ciborium over the altar, the silken hangings, the lighting, and the astonishingly rich treasures employed for the ritual of the services. Their nature and the wonder that they occasioned have been admirably indicated by accounts in contemporary literature, more especially in a long, lyrical poem by Paul the Silentiary, written soon after the middle of the century. But most of the treasures have now perished. Some must have been shattered in quite early Byzantine times, at the command of the iconoclast emperors, who eschewed all figured representations of the saintly or divine form as violently as did the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell. Of those that survived, many must have been looted by the crusaders, who sacked Constantinople in 1204; the treasures of many western cathedrals, notably that of St. Mark's at Venice, attest the zeal of their looting. If anything portable survived, it was finally removed when St. Sophia became a mosque shortly after the Turkish conquest of 1453.

The mosaics that adorned the walls have suffered only slightly less seriously. It was, however, primarily as a result of the reform-

ing zeal of the iconoclasts that most of the original ones were destroyed, for such of the work as was spared by them was purely decorative, and not figural, and covered the soffits of arches, small vaults, or similar spaces, rather than the main areas of the wall surfaces. Yet where these original mosaics do remain, their high quality is at once apparent, and something of the original glory may be reconstructed in the mind, if we also take into account the figural compositions of Justinian's time that have survived, notably at Ravenna. The decorative work at St. Sophia has, however, long been visible to visitors, for it was never covered over by the Turks, but its recent cleaning by expert artisans has given it a new brilliance and has disclosed many new and unsuspected beauties. Even so, however, it is not so much the decorative work that attracts the first attention of the visitor today; it is rather to a number of figural compositions which have been uncovered in recent years that his attention is drawn.

These figural compositions were set up by various imperial patrons between the ninth and the thirteenth centuries, to take the place of the original mosaics of Justinian's time which were destroyed in the eighth century by the iconoclasts. They remained visible till covered over with plaster by the Turks after the conquest. Some were laid bare in 1847, when the building was repaired under the patronage of Sultan Abdul Mejid, but they were subsequently plastered over once more, and the only records of them that were available until the recent cleaning were the description left by Fossati, Sultan Abdul Mejid's architect, and some rather inaccurate copies made at the time by the German scholar Salzenberg. These served indeed to do little more than whet the appetite, for they bore little resemblance to mosaics, and still less did they serve to give anything like a true idea of the stylistic character of Byzantine art.

It was with the knowledge that something important was there for the finding that the Byzantine Institute of America applied for permission to undertake the work of cleaning and restoring the mosaics in the year 1931. Since that time the work has gone on slowly but steadily from year to year under the direction of the late Mr. Thomas Whittemore, and today seven distinct compositions have been uncovered, cleaned, and fixed, so that they are secure for many years to come. They all belong to different dates, and serve to give an excellent idea of what was

presumably the best work that was being produced at the several periods at which they were set up.

The first composition to be uncovered was in a lunette above the door from the narthex to the main church. The mosaic shows an Emperor, probably Leo VI (881-912), bowed at the feet of Christ, who is seated on a throne. Above, on either side, are medallions, the one containing the Virgin and the other an archangel. The mosaic was no doubt set up by Leo in place of some more formal composition, probably a cross, which had either been left from Justinian's day or had been put there in iconoclast times. Other mosaics in the narthex that remain, and which were cleaned at the same time, are of this type; they are to be dated to the time of Justinian.¹

The next panel to be cleaned was a second lunette, over the outside of the south door of the narthex. The mosaic depicts the Emperors Constantine and Justinian offering models of the church to the Virgin. It has been assigned by Whittemore to the reign of Basil II, and to a date between 986 and 994.² The composition is impressive and dignified, and is typical of the monumental phase of Byzantine art which dominated at the time, though the result is perhaps rather arid.

The inclusion of Constantine in this composition is not surprising, for he was the founder of the first St. Sophia, and his edifice survived, in part at least, until Justinian rebuilt it in the sixth century. Walls which probably belong to his church have recently been disclosed a few feet below the floor of the present building in excavations undertaken by the present curator of St. Sophia, Muzaffer Ramazan Oglu. Ramazan Oglu has also suggested that the present narthex belongs, anyhow in part, to the earlier structure, for the piers of Justinian's church are built up against the narthex, and do not tie in with its walls, as one would have expected if the two had been built at the same time. Moreover, in an upper chamber of the narthex there have recently been discovered some fragmentary mosaics which would appear to be earlier than the time of Justinian. They are very dirty, and it is hard to make any exact attributions, but at a first glance a comparison with the mosaics of the Baptistry of Soter at Naples, which date from between 470 and 490, springs to mind. The

¹ T. Whittemore: *The Mosaics of St. Sophia at Istanbul*, Pt. I (Oxford, 1933).

² *Op. cit.*, Pt. II (Oxford, 1936).

mosaics are certainly not as early as the time of Constantine, but they are also quite possibly earlier than that of Justinian. A fuller publication of his researches regarding the narthex of St. Sophia, which is promised by Ramazan Oglu, is eagerly awaited, and it is to be hoped that a colour plate of some of the fragments may be included, though they would have to be carefully cleaned before it could be made.

When these preliminary essays in uncovering and cleaning had been completed in the narthex and its southern porch, work was then commenced by the Byzantine Institute in the main church itself, first in the southern gallery, and then in the eastern apse. The mosaics that survive in the south gallery belong to three distinct panels, two of which Whittemore has termed the Zoe panel and the John panel;¹ the third shows the Deesis, or intercession of the Virgin and St. John Baptist before Christ for the sins of the world. The Zoe panel, on the eastern wall of the gallery, represents Christ enthroned between the standing figures of Constantine IX Monomachos (1042-55) and the Empress Zoe (1028-50). It was probably set up by the Empress about 1030, on the death of her first husband, Romanos III, but the face of the Emperor and his name, as well as certain other portions of the mosaic, were subsequently redone, and the head and name of Zoe's third husband, Constantine, were substituted. Constantine died in 1055, and the later portions of the mosaic are probably to be assigned to about that year. It would seem that Zoe had the face and inscription changed from those of her first to those of her last husband; perhaps the second husband's visage was also figured there for a short time, before it in turn gave place to that of the third.

The John panel shows three full-length figures, in the centre the Virgin and Child, with John II Comnenos (1118-43) on her right and the Empress Irene on her left. A fourth figure, representing Alexios Comnenos, appears on the face of a pilaster at right angles to the rest of the composition; its groundwork is of a different colour, but otherwise it seems to link up with the rest, and there is no actual separation between the two. Whittemore suggests that these mosaics were done by the same hand, the main panel about 1118, and the one of Alexios about 1122.

The technique of both panels is of high quality, and the work is both striking and beautiful. In the latter, especially, there are

¹ Whittemore, *op. cit.*, Pt. III (Oxford, 1942).

hints of the brighter, more humanistic, outlook which was to come into vogue about the middle of the twelfth century, and which is quite distinct from the monumental style of the eleventh century. Yet both the panels pale beside that of the Deesis, on the opposite wall. This is one of the finest Byzantine mosaics that has survived. It is a work of the very highest quality, comparable with a painting that in the western world we would unhesitatingly associate with the name of one of the most outstanding artists, a Rembrandt, or a Leonardo. It shows all the intimacy and subtlety that belong to the most highly accomplished works the world over. It is no longer a monument of somewhat aloof grandeur, like the composition over the narthex door. It is, rather, a work that calls forth at once the most profound sympathy of the beholder. The expressions are delicate yet penetrating, the colouring strange, yet deeply impressive. The subtle use of green shading recalls the effect produced by the employment of a green undercoat, so often resorted to in "primitive" paintings, in Italy and the East Christian world alike, and somehow this rather strange colour seems to intensify the spiritual quality of the composition, so that it becomes a veritable interpretation of the scene that it depicts. This panel has not yet been published; it is to be hoped that it will soon be reproduced in colour.

The remaining mosaics are in the eastern apse, the Virgin in the conch, and an archangel on one side of the vault preceding it; a second archangel, on the opposite side, has perished. The archangel is fine and impressive; the figure of the Virgin seems, perhaps, rather inadequate for the dignity of the position of the mosaic and the importance of the building to which it belonged. These two mosaics have also not yet been published, so that one can do no more than call attention to them until the discoverers have said their say. It may, however, be noted that the Deesis is certainly the most recent of all the mosaics in St. Sophia, and that it is to be assigned to what is now generally called the Byzantine Renaissance. But when that Renaissance began is another question, for it can no longer be regarded as a manifestation of Palaeologue times alone. The new style of the Renaissance was, indeed, already established in the middle of the twelfth century, if not before; the first dated monument is afforded by the wall paintings at Nerez in Macedonia of 1164, and from then onwards considerable numbers of superb works were produced.

It is sad that Mr. Thomas Whittemore, Director of the Byzantine Institute, who was throughout the moving spirit in organizing and directing the task of cleaning the mosaics, should have died in the autumn of 1950, before the task of cleaning and publishing had been completed. But the Byzantine Institute is hoping to carry on the work under the direction of Mr. A. Underwood. How much more remains to be done it is hard to say, but there is evidence that there are mosaics on the north and south lunettes, below the great arches that uphold the dome, if not elsewhere.

In addition to the work in St. Sophia the Byzantine Institute has also undertaken the task of cleaning and conserving the mosaics in the little church of the Chira, better known, perhaps, by its Turkish name of Kahrieh Djami. These mosaics are of course on a much smaller scale than those of St. Sophia, but a whole cycle of New Testament scenes is preserved, and the work is of the highest quality; the church is indeed a veritable gem of late Byzantine art. Happily the mosaics are dated to between 1310 and 1320 by an inscription. They have suffered terribly from damp and vandalism, and it is comforting to know that they will be made secure, as well as cleaned. But until one has seen them in their cleaned state, it is impossible to have any idea of the heights to which mosaics executed by the best Byzantine craftsmen of the capital and planned by the best Byzantine artists could aspire. Here, and in St. Sophia, the glories of that great chapter in the history of art, the Byzantine, which our forefathers so despised, but which we are now just beginning to appreciate, are vividly and irrevocably brought home to us.

HAS HISTORY A MEANING?

THE meaning of history is one of the most important problems of modern philosophy. Marx and Hegel, Spengler and Toynbee, Bergson and Heidegger have all attempted to solve it. But before we can know what is the meaning of history, we must first try to discover whether in fact history has any meaning. It has to be admitted that the various philosophies of history are generally treated with scepticism by historians, and would therefore appear to be based on something other than an empirical study of facts. Is the philosophy of history, then, nothing but a myth? If that is the case, an explanation must be given

of how such a myth could have been born. Mr. Löwith's book¹ is an attempt to answer this question. It is a history of the philosophies of history, and as such very valuable. It is also an answer to the question of whether history has any meaning. Consequently the book has considerable importance as a critical study.

Mr. Löwith works backwards from the moderns, Burckhardt and Karl Marx, through Hegel, Comte, Condorcet, Voltaire, Vico, Bossuet and Joachim of Floris to Orosius and Augustine. This is a method which serves the student excellently, because by starting with the question in its present form the earlier stages of the problem are made more intelligible. Were the subject being considered theoretically, it would have been simpler to start with the earlier historians. We are at once faced with a striking fact: ancient writers before Christ never asked whether history had a meaning. That this was true of the philosophers has often been pointed out: for Plato and Aristotle history is the sphere of contingent facts, whereas only general laws are intelligible. It also holds true of the historians: and here Mr. Löwith has some interesting comments to make on Herodotus, Thucydides and Polybius. Herodotus holds a view of history that Burckhardt later revived: history consists in rescuing the outstanding facts of the past from oblivion; but it does not admit that there is any such thing as progress. Polybius alone sketches an interpretation of history centred on the increasing greatness of Rome.

As against this empirical interpretation of historical facts, we find in the ancient world a vision of history such as the Bible gives us. It does not dispense with the laws regulating an empirical study of facts, but presupposes a belief in supernatural events, the *magnalia Dei*, which constitute sacred history. This visionary history encompasses all time, beginning with the creation of the world, viewed as a historical event, and going on to interpret the history of primitive man theologically. It treats of God's special choice of Israel and the vicissitudes of that covenant. It reaches its summit in the Incarnation and Resurrection of the Word. It continues invisibly in the Church, viewed as a supernatural body. And finally it sets a limit to history in the Parousia of Christ, which again lies within the sphere of faith.

Our problem springs from the interplay of these two methods: the enquiry (*historia*) into the facts of human history and the theological interpretation of sacred history. Can the two be harmonized? Can sacred history give us the key to empirical history? It is no exaggeration to say that for two thousand years Christian thinkers have attempted in vain to answer that question. Some writers have tried to interpret the history of civilizations as a Providential movement towards the establishment of a Christian civilization. Mr. Löwith mentions Bossuet in

¹ *Meaning in History*, by Karl Löwith (Chicago University Press \$4).

particular. But it is interesting to note that Eusebius of Caesarea held the same view; he believed that Providence used the *imperium Romanum* to pave the way for Constantine's empire. And at the other extreme, Toynbee is thinking along similar lines when he declares that Christianity is the last form of civilization.

From this Christian interpretation of secular history is born the modern philosophy of history. It first appears with Voltaire. He replaces the idea of Providence by the concept of progress in knowledge and interprets history as the indefinite development of civilization. This optimistic theory later found its most complete expression in Condorcet, whose importance Mr. Löwith rightly emphasizes. Hegel's philosophy proved a powerful support for it. History is completely rational. Spirit is leading it irrevocably to its fulfilment. Only our limited viewpoint prevents us from seeing this clearly. Marx gave the theory a basis in economics, making it appear strictly scientific.

But in fact this philosophy of history does not possess the scientific validity that Comte and Marx claim for it. It is the result of secularizing the Providential theory of history, and therefore retains the fundamental difficulty inherent in that theory. It is a compromise between an empirical study of the facts and a value judgment which is itself an act of faith. But this act of faith, which has a valid foundation when made by one who believes in the word of God, no longer possesses any justification. The secular philosophy of history, the doctrine of progress, is therefore a pure myth. The only vision of history which takes a positive account of facts is that of Burckhardt, where man is shown struggling with sociological difficulties and proving his greatness by overcoming them. But this greatness was the same in the age of Pericles as when Napoleon lived. Empirical history shows no progress, in the sense of an improvement in man.

Is the Providential theory any more tenable than its secularized version? It has a firm foundation in the Word of God. But the Word of God applies to events which are matters of faith. The attempt made by Eusebius and Bossuet to interpret the history of nations in the light of revelation seems quite fallacious. Mr. Löwith's criticisms link up on this point with those made by Professor Butterfield and Mr. Rust. The growth of nations, economic evolution, the progress of civilization seem to bear no relation to the growth of God's Kingdom and the development of sacred history. Similarly, the influence of Christianity on the history of civilization is to be seen not in the construction of new forms, but only, as Orosius saw, in the modification of existing forms in accordance with the demands of the Christian life.

Thus secular and sacred history appear as two realities, independent of one another, or perhaps related in a way that we cannot grasp. Each springs from a different kind of knowledge. Secular history is

the object of historical enquiry, of *historia* in the classical sense. Sacred history is known by faith alone. Between the two there can be no intermediary sphere, capable of yielding a philosophy of history which would be neither religious nor secular:

More intelligent than the superior vision of philosophers or theologians is the common sense of the natural man and the uncommon sense of the Christian believer. Neither pretends to discern on the canvas of human history the purpose of God or of the historical process itself. They rather seek to set men free from the world's oppressive history by suggesting an attitude either of scepticism or of faith.

It is noteworthy that this view which opposes the history of the *civitas terrena* to that of the *civitas Dei*, finally adopted by Mr. Löwith, was held by the great Augustine. Mr. Löwith's book is essentially a vindication of Augustine's theology of history:

Modern philosophers and even theologians often complain that Augustine's sketch of the world's history is the weakest part of his work and that he did not do justice to the intrinsic problem of historical process. It is true that Augustine failed to relate the first cause, that is, God's providential plan, to the secondary causes operative in the process as such. But it is precisely the absence of a detailed correlation between secular and sacred events which distinguishes Augustine's Christian apology from Bossuet's more elaborate theology of political history and from Hegel's philosophy of history, both of which proved too much by deducing guarantees of salvation and success from historical events.

It is a striking fact that the conclusions of a philosopher like Mr. Löwith should correspond with those of Professor Butterfield, who is a historian, and Mr. Rust, a theologian. They express a common reaction against the optimistic philosophies of progress, which Professor Butterfield has denounced in so masterly a fashion as Pharisaical. They also show a healthy reaction against the secularization of the Biblical vision of history and make it clear that the final significance of history is a matter of faith and not of empirical experience. However, they go a little too far in the direction of pessimism by separating sacred and secular history by an impassable gulf. It would seem more likely that if secular history has no meaning in itself, it takes on significance by being understood within the framework of sacred history. The history of cities and philosophies has a place in God's total plan. But it is true that this relation between sacred history and the events of secular history remains a mystery incapable of elucidation.

JEAN DANIELLOU

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

OF central importance in new records is the issue of Ernest Bloch's "Sacred Service" by Decca (AX377-82). In Bloch the Jewish *Weltanschauung* undoubtedly has found its voice. Yet the dangers inherent in being the musical mouthpiece of a nation so strangely scattered, and at the same time so strangely unified in its yearning for a kingdom of its own, are so great as to present to a typical Jewish composer difficulties of style which even the genius of Bloch has not succeeded in completely overcoming. The position is simple where protestation or yearning are apt to the matter in hand, for the composer can then call upon a rich heritage of traditional chant that is expressive of every aspect of the drama of the Jewish dispersal: but what shall he call upon in the necessary contrasting moments, where gaiety, ease, tranquillity are needed? Obviously, only the wider, more generalized culture in which he happens to find himself can offer him any prospect of release from one-sidedness. It is just here, however, that the dichotomy manifests itself, for the two musical streams will not mix: the rhapsodic, melismatic orientalisms of traditional chant being at the opposite pole to the comparatively austere diatonicism of the music of Western culture, however much they once had in common. In Bloch's case, the position is further complicated by the fact that along with classical Western musical culture he imbibed in his early studies much of the impressionistic technique and modes of thought. This technique mingles, perhaps, more persuasively with the traditional element, as it has a similar freedom, can intensify the other with colouristic and scoring devices, and can give brilliance and effect to what might remain merely nostalgic. Nevertheless, it has its dangers in the introduction of sensuous harmonies that pull against the strong and rooted lines of traditional chant. The course of Bloch's development as a composer has been determined by these three opposed outlooks. He has, perhaps wisely, not tried to amalgamate them into a unity of style, but has let each have its say where it has been appropriate. The result of this eclecticism is for me, however, somewhat disturbing, and, in spite of the greatness of the mind, the man, and the musician, prevents my placing him with such figures as Sibelius and Vaughan Williams in the category of integrated artists. He comes nearest to full integration in the "Sacred Service," which does for Jewish ritual what the classical Masses do for the Christian. From beginning to end a strong yet simple modality is in evidence, and when this widens and richens, in the Cantor's recitatives and occasionally in the choruses, into typically traditional chant with predominant augmented seconds, the result is intensely moving,

and the listener becomes completely identified with and absorbed into the music. All the more then must one regret the occasional intrusion in the choral writing of passages that, oddly enough, sound in their diatonicism like weak Parry. When one considers the strength of most of the writing, these acceptances of weak off-shoots of nineteenth-century modes of thought are inexplicable. Because, however, of the nobility of the conception one can pass over these occasional lapses and accept the work, root and branch, as a tremendously moving religious utterance. The performance by the London Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra under the composer's direction is first-rate, but the voice of the Cantor, Marko Rothmüller has, for me, a too metallic intensity.

Another modern work that I would like thoroughly to recommend is Phyllis Tate's "Nocturne," recorded under the auspices of the British Council by Decca (AK2400-2). It is a setting of words by Sidney Keyes (whose death in the war at the early age of twenty-one was a profound loss to English poetry) for four solo voices, string quartet, double bass, bass clarinet and celesta. The idiom is "advanced," but it is used with such imaginative intensity and vision as to become haunting. Other issues of modern works are Debussy's First Book of Preludes (H.M.V. DB9578-82) and "La Mer" (Columbia DX1726-8), Ravel's "Mother Goose Suite" (H.M.V. C7824-5), Roussel's Fourth Symphony (Columbia LX1348-51), Dukas's "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" (Decca AX438-9), Bantock's "Fifine at the Fair" (H.M.V. DB21145-8), music from Bliss's ballet "Checkmate" (Columbia DX1718-20), Prokofiev's (oddly mis-spelt Prokosiev on all the records) "Peter and the Wolf" (Decca AX357-9), two excerpts from Shostakovich's opera "Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk" (Capitol Classics CK51004) and Randall Thompson's choral "Alleluia" (Decca M541). I had looked forward to the recording of the Debussy Preludes, but after hearing them I wondered why the performance had been entrusted to Cortot instead of to, say, Giesekeing, whose interpretations of the modern master are a model of refined tonal beauty, coupled with a superbly controlled technical brilliance. Cortot persistently disregards Debussy's dynamic markings, pulls the tempi out of all rhythmic shape, and arpeggiates and sentimentalizes the harmonies. No—this is *not* Debussy. There is compensation for Debussy lovers in Galliera's conducting of the Philharmonia Orchestra in "La Mer." Previtali, with the London Symphony Orchestra, gives a limpid and vital performance of Ravel's "Mother Goose Suite," but the chording of the woodwind occasionally lacks clarity. The Roussel Symphony receives a fine performance at the hands of von Karajan, who conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra. The slow introduction to this work gives a promise that is disappointingly unfulfilled. This is, however, a disconcerting aspect of much of Roussel's music, the slow music seeming

to move at a far more profound level than the quick and vigorous. The immensely effective Dukas work receives a spirited performance from L'Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris (characteristic French compression does not show itself in this title!) under Enrique Jorda. Bantock's "Fifine at the Fair" makes a lovely orchestral tissue of sound, but what else does it say? Its style is entirely featureless, being compounded of all the clichés of late nineteenth-century romanticism. All one can say is that it gives fine opportunities for the conductor, of which Sir Thomas Beecham takes full advantage. The music of Bliss's "Checkmate," vital as it is for the ballet, does not give much when heard without the visual scene. It receives an understanding performance by the Covent Garden Opera House Orchestra under Robert Irving. It is good to have a new recording of "Peter and the Wolf" (this, by the way, is a *genre* which I should have thought would have been further exploited, as it offers delightful and exciting possibilities). The performance, by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Malko, is better than in the first recording, but the narrator has not perhaps the same dramatically intense approach as had the previous one, who declaimed everything with such obvious relish. The excerpts from "Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk" make one feel sympathy for the condemning of the work by the Soviet authorities! The virtuosity and fine singing of the Fleet Street Choir is expended upon very trite material in Randall Thompson's "Alleluia," but the work does serve to show off the sonorous chording of the choir.

Fine new recordings of classical music are in abundance. Sir Thomas Beecham conducts the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (H.M.V. DB21177-9) in Mozart's G major violin concerto, with Gioconda de Vito as a compelling soloist whose viewpoint does not always coincide with that of the conductor; in the "Jupiter" Symphony (Columbia LX1337-40); and in a dramatic and full-blooded performance of Haydn's Symphony No. 93 in D major. Another recording of Mozart's D minor Requiem comes from Decca (K626-32). The Vienna Hofmusikkapelle under Joseph Krips sings magnificently, and there is some outstandingly moving singing by the boy soprano and alto. A small and little known work by Mozart, an Adagio in B flat, is played by the London Baroque Ensemble under Karl Haas on Parlophone Odeon R20592. Much as one admires the enterprise of Karl Haas in bringing to light the minor work of the masters of eighteenth-century music, it must be said in this case that the "find" proves somewhat dull. The recording of the woodwind in the low registers is curiously unsatisfactory.

The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Karl Böhm, with Backhaus as soloist, give a performance of Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto, in C minor, on Decca AX373-6. It is playing in the grand

manner, but quite devoid of finesse and poetry. Nor is the balance between soloist and orchestra satisfactory. The same outbalancing occurs in Bach's Three-piano Concerto (H.M.V. DB21180-2), where the three soloists, Edwin Fischer, Ronald Smith and Denis Matthews, make such a din, albeit an exciting din, as to relegate the orchestra to a minor and largely unheard rôle.

Two superb performances of Overtures, Mendelssohn's "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage" by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Kubelik, and Beethoven's "Egmont" by the Hallé Orchestra under Sir John Barbirolli, are issued by H.M.V. (C7836-7 and DB21139). The former work is a perfect example of the fusion of means and ends. It has supreme technical polish and invention (note the fine independence of the cellos and basses in the first section), but it is all equated with the beauty of the thought.

Beethoven's Seventh Symphony is performed by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Galliera on Columbia DX1697-1701. The texture is finely realized and there is an outstanding control of dynamics. The same qualities are in evidence in Bruno Walter's performance of Dvorak's Fourth Symphony with the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra (Columbia LX1365-8). A lesser known, but most attractive, work of Dvorak is the Scherzo Capriccioso, Op. 66. The performance by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Kubelik reveals all its beauties (H.M.V. C7822-3).

Two virtuoso piano concertos should here receive mention: Rachmaninoff's No. 3 played by Malcuzynski with the Philharmonia Orchestra under Kletzki (Columbia LX1352-6) and Paganini's B minor concerto played by Menuhin and the Philharmonia Orchestra under Fistoulari (H.M.V. DB9588-91). The former is played with supreme virtuosity and with forceful dynamics. A welter of sound results—exciting if you like that sort of sound, but tiring if you do not. Menuhin's approach to Paganini's charming concerto—by no means negligible musically—is not completely convincing. Perhaps there is not enough abandon.

Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata is played by Claudio Arrau on Columbia LX8772-3. This is laboured and disappointing playing. And why accent the first note of each group in the first movement? And does the poetry depend upon so much rubato? The same composer's Cello Sonata No. 1, Op. 102, is played by Fournier and Schnabel (H.M.V. DB9555-6). This is not an ideal partnership: the insensitive approach in the piano part seeming to dull the intensity of the cello. A fine piece of chamber-music playing is the recording of Haydn's "Emperor" quartet by the Amadeus Quartet (H.M.V. C4066-8).

Outstanding among new song recordings are Schumann's "Frauenliebe und Leben" (H.M.V. DBS9567-9) sung by Elisabeth Schumann

(with Gerald Moore at the piano) with beautiful artistry and with a superb quality of *sostenuto* in the middle register, and Flora Nielsen's and Gerald Moore's performance of Schubert's "Du bist die Ruh'" and "An die Leier" (H.M.V. C4057). A slight hardness obtrudes in the upper register, and in the accompaniment to the first song the second note of each group often recedes into the background, thus disturbing the beautiful calm of the movement. Good, too, are Alfred Deller (counter tenor) and Walter Bergmann (harpsichord) in Purcell's "Epithalamium" and "Sweeter than Roses" (H.M.V. C4044). Mahler's "Songs of a Wayfarer" are sung by Blanche Thebom with an unspecified orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult (H.M.V. DB9576-7). The beauties, as in so much of Mahler, are mixed with many commonplace naïveties of thought, and they consequently leave behind no very pronounced impression.

Mention should here be made of the recordings made by H.M.V. (DB21140-3) of the Holy Year Easter Ceremonies in Rome. These are perhaps more satisfactory than the recordings of the opening ceremonies because they are not so fragmentary, and the musical excerpts are better and fuller. One side contains a Latin Sermon spoken by His Holiness the Pope.

EDMUND RUBBRA

REVIEWS

THE SENSE OF APPREHENSION

Judgment on Deltchev, by Eric Ambler (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, \$3).

TEN YEARS have passed since Graham was drawn slowly towards his inevitable death in the little cargo ship on the Bosphorus, twelve years since Latimer left the unspeakable Dimitrios in charge of the dying Mr. Peters and heard the report of the Luger as he went down the stairs. Mr. Ambler in those two books, *Journey Into Fear* and *The Mask of Dimitrios*, and in their predecessor *Epitaph for a Spy*, established himself unquestionably as our best "thriller" writer. His style, the realism of his plots, his sense of character put him a long way ahead of such earlier writers as John Buchan and A. E. W. Mason. Mr. Maugham in *Ashenden* may have been his master, but *Ashenden* was never repeated and lacked one essential quality, the quality of legend. Even Buchan touched that nerve—in the flight over the Scottish moors, the man who could hood his eyes like a hawk, the perilous journey across safe London in *The Thirty-Nine Steps*; those episodes, crudely written as they

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may seem now, moved us then like a border ballad. This quality of legend is Mr. Ambler's greatest asset, and with what excitement, after all these years, one opened *Judgment on Delichev* to look for it again. A world war lies between this book and its predecessor, and the whole material of the thriller has altered. What would one find?

One had only to read a few pages before one knew that there had been no deterioration in style, and the presentation of the ambiguous character was as assured as ever. The narrator of the story, a successful playwright, has been sent to the Balkans by an American paper to report the trial of the former head of a Provisional Government. He is met by the paper's local representative, Georghi Pashik.

I saw him standing on the platform as my train drew in; a short, dark, flabby man in rimless glasses and a tight seersucker suit with an array of fountain pens in the handkerchief pocket. Under his arm he carried a thin, black dispatch case with a silver medallion hanging from the zipper tag. He stood by a pillar gazing about him with the imperious anxiety of a wealthy traveller who sees no porter and knows that he cannot carry his own baggage. I think it was the fountain pens that identified him for me. He wore them like a badge.

I know a lot about Pashik now. I know, for instance, that the black dispatch case that he carried so importantly rarely contained anything but a stale meat sandwich and a revolver, that the seersucker suit was given to him when he was working in a Displaced Persons camp, that one of the fountain pens came from Passaic, New Jersey, and that those facts can be related directly to his death.

How cunningly Mr. Ambler builds up the political background of his imaginary State. One has no doubt whatever that reports on it are filed at Chatham House. We get to know the geography of the unnamed capital, the boulevards, the villa residences, the government offices, the hotels, as though Baedeker were open before us, and Mr. Ambler does this glancingly by chance references; description is slipped into the story a single sentence at a time.

The Hotel Boris had been built by a German company in 1914 and was one of those hotels in which footsteps echo and only the sound of a toilet flushing in the distance reminds you that you are not alone there.

The thriller is sometimes regarded with patronage by the readers, and even the authors of detective stories, with their twelve suspects and their family gatherings and their deaths in the library, a Heath Robinson apparatus built out of ancient clichés. Mr. Ambler is a novelist who analyses the sense of apprehension, the conduct of men in situations of veiled danger as carefully and seriously as others may

analyse the sense of guilt or love. The cinema has taught him speed and clarity, the revealing gesture. When he generalizes it is as though a camera were taking a panning shot and drawing evidence from face after face, like those of the judges at the Deltchev trial under the hot floodlights. "Behind the sweating impassivity of those who had not shown reluctance, there was the terrible anxiety of men who, having sacrificed their principles, fear that the sacrifice may after all go unrewarded."

And yet we cannot, for all its cunning and brilliant ease of writing, put the new novel quite on a level with *Journey Into Fear* or *The Mask of Dimitrios*. The fault, I think, is not altogether Mr. Ambler's. Life has caught the thriller up. The politicians and the secret police have overtaken him. We miss the old excitement of thinking, "this *might* happen if we cross such-and-such a frontier or leave the train at such-and-such a station"; the imagination is no longer free because we *know*. Fact has killed legend.

Mr. Ambler is obviously aware of this danger and tries to substitute for our excitement in the adventures and fears of "I," wandering without proper guides in the totalitarian world, a psychological interest in Deltchev's character, the mystery of what is behind the element of truth in the faked evidence of the trial. But the mystery is lamely solved. The violence of the end is confused and oddly dull and we are left regretting that the ambiguous and pathetic Georghi, who deserved a more individual death, should have been denied what was granted to Mr. Peters and Dimitrios. Mr. Ambler, we learn with pleasure, is writing a new book; perhaps he will have discovered a way to reintroduce the legendary into 1951.

GRAHAM GREENE

A JAPANESE PRISON-CAMP

No Time to Look Back, by Leslie Greener (Gollancz 12s 6d).

THE author was born in Cape Town, educated in England, has been a soldier, a farm-hand, a deck-hand, a hobo in New Zealand; as an artist, he has had work hung in the Paris Salon and was staff-artist to the Chicago University archaeological expedition in Luxor. He was Intelligence Officer with the Australians in the recent war, captured at Singapore and imprisoned by the Japanese. Mr. Greener has, then, had every chance of learning how varied is human nature, and his book justifies our conviction that he has understood it and can describe it. True, we regret that he does not encounter in his imaginary prisoners' camp, Panchor, any specifically Catholic element; this does not prevent the story from getting deep into the roots of Christianity. It is largely

concerned with a "Padre with the Modern Approach," who preaches robust and heartening sermons thoroughly approved by the C.O.; and, being named Choyce, he is inevitably nicknamed Popular Choyce. Part of his tragedy—or triumph—is that in his dreadful circumstances he feels that he, the hearty, worldly-seeming Popular Padre is disintegrating. "Thank God I am disintegrating! It's all going: the pulpit joke, the popular language . . . showman's gear." Over against the padre is a Greek, Andros, who is found in the camp—how he got there, no one knows; he himself has quite lost his memory. It is he whose gentle virile spirituality develops an amazing influence in the camp; his talk becomes lay-sermons, and men flock round him, and love has at least the chance of supplanting hate. But this is viewed as pacifist and demoralizing: after cruel adventures Andros sails off—whither, no one knows, any more than whence he came. Around these swirls a multitude of prisoners, and the author shirks nothing of the effects of prison-life on such a variety of characters: but naturally, they are inserted into a Japanese world, and Mr. Greener reveals to us the Japanese psychology, enigmatic as it will remain to the end. Enough here to say that neither in the Japanese mind does the individual count for anything. But even this cannot account for the appalling cruelties which have to be related; the story of Christian martyrs in Japan are but parallels to what can happen now, and, while we resent arbitrary horror-anecdotes, we are sure that Mr. Greener is quite right in so rudely shaking our complacency—seeing that we prefer to grumble at our own poor discomforts and not to know what the world really contains. But all this is amply compensated by the deeply moving picture of the Japanese officer Sato. We cannot but mention the exquisite incident of the marriage of an English soldier with the Chinese girl, *Picture-of-the-Hills*, ghastly as its sequel was to be. We venture to call this a great book: the author sees and understands so much that again we wish the light which is lacking should have illuminated the self-same scene: the Christian view of life of which the jacket speaks is taken by innumerable simple men who have no need to be looked for in a much earlier age.

C. C. MARTINDALE

THE ESSENTIAL BELLOC

Hilaire Belloc: An Anthology of his Prose and Verse, selected by W. N. Roughead (Hart-Davis 1955).

"SOLID stuff; beef; good roast beef with Yorkshire pudding." Belloc's praise of Johnson is the best description of this anthology, compiled by Mr. Roughead to honour the author's eightieth birthday last year. Beef it is, with no fat; lean, and tightly bound with string in the French manner. There is something here of Belloc in nearly all his versatility, except the sociologist and the novelist. The poet is represented by, among others, the noble eloquence of the *Heroic Poem in Praise of Wine*, the exquisite onomatopaeic *Tarantella*, the grave lamenting *Ha'nacker Mill*, and some satirical verse; but not, alas, by the *Lines to a Don*. The historian is there with the deaths of Danton and Marie Antoinette, and a series of vivid battles, Hattin, Roncesvalles (of course), Cressy, the Armada, Wattignies, 1812. The moralist marches Sussex and France, cruises the English coast, mows his field, hears Whitsunday Mass in Narbonne Cathedral, and takes us home to his own King's Land for the Christmas *solemnitas*.

Among such pieces it was discerning to include the essay on *Rasselas*, for if any modern man understands and resembles Johnson it is Hilaire Belloc. They both have that abundant force which Mr. Roughead tells us is one of the marks of the great. They both detest the Whigs. They both hold the prime question in literary criticism to be "whether the book be noble or ignoble, moral or immoral, whether it does us good or harm." The words Belloc uses of Johnson's style are as applicable, even more applicable, to his own, "a strong soup, a concentration of nourishment." What Johnson admired in Dryden, Desmond MacCarthy in his birthday tribute found in Belloc:

The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march and energy divine.

They both are tinged with that same melancholy which, if yielded to, might tempt them to feel that nothing was worth while; but they do not yield because they share, from opposite sides of a fence, the fundamental saving hope in Christ. They both derive their philosophy not from books but from life itself; their affirmations are tested, you can feel the weight of a conquered negation. These are men who have earned the right to speak.

They have similar defects, the same occasional insensibility, the same distrust of the *avant garde*, the same allowing of personalities to cloud literary judgments (witness their appreciations of Milton). Yet these faults are the obverse of virtues, they are the faults of men who judge by perceptions and not theories, whose search is for sincerity in letters

as well as in life. However we may disagree with Belloc we feel of him as Reynolds felt of Johnson when they talked painting together, "he did not contribute, but he qualified my mind to think justly."

In our lifetime no writer has taught us to think more justly, to clear our minds of more cant, than Belloc. For over half a century he has been a "no-man," proclaiming unpopular truths to Englishmen who preferred not to listen: the shape of things past in Europe and the shape of things to come. The echo is raised again in this volume for the benefit of a generation which did not hear him first time, in the *Entry Into Spain*, for example, or the sparkling mockery of the *Nordic Man*.

This is one reason why Belloc is not a power in English letters today. Another is his uncompromising Faith. Another is the growing yearning for what D. H. Lawrence called "otherness." The educated man of today has learned from Matthew Arnold to make culture his substitute for religion, to seek from the one that spiritual experience which can only be genuinely found in the other. No wonder such a man feels himself unable to share the experience of Belloc, whose culture is the extension of his religion, his religion spilling over into ink. He is annoyed by Belloc's open contempt for artistry ("my stinking trade of writing tosh for 1s. 6d. a quire") and artists (the contrast between "what God has done through them and their disgusting selves"); and he is puzzled that this contemptuous man should yet be the most careful of artists himself—the *Heroic Poem* was on the stocks for years. The man who looks for God in artistic experience alone cannot bear this almost philistine attitude. He turns, and teaches his children to turn, to authors whose experience he and they can more easily share, Eliot, Rilke, or a misunderstood Hopkins. Sometimes he finds God there, as Claudel found him in Rimbaud, but such discoveries and such discoverers are rare: we are, for the most part, busy avoiding God. But we talk of the relationships between man and the forces that mould man and the universe, and much modern poetry is a seeking for external communicable equivalents and symbols for these relationships. Such poets throw spots of light, in their various ways, on the vast unilluminated background. Belloc and Johnson, on the other hand, deal with the field of our habitual vision.

Fortunately Time has a way of righting literary judgments. When we have at long last learned our lesson the hard way Belloc will be remembered, and as a man rather than as a man of letters; again like Johnson.

A. MACKENZIE SMITH

AN EMBLEM BOOK

Partheneia Sacra, by H. A., with an Introduction by Iain Fletcher (Hand and Flower Press 63s).

THE new scientific principles which took shape gradually during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries naturally permeated even the peripheries of art and gave a more explicit meaning to the study of natural phenomena. The new cosmology of Copernicus in which matter can be distinguished only on a quantitative basis gave rise to a more exact study of the physical world in which it was considered that all objects differ solely in structure. Their common basis therefore made analogy between them particularly profitable. Curiosity, Vico said, was an inborn property of man, "daughter of ignorance and mother of knowledge," which had the habit of seeing "some extraordinary phenomenon of nature, a comet for example, a sun dog, or a midday star" and of asking straight away what it meant. In this characteristic link between ignorance and knowledge, lies the strength of the emblem. Our ignorance of the tools, so to speak, of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century imagery means that the key to a true understanding of the art of that period is lost, and that the continuing conditions linking such men as Ficino and Vico escape us. As Miss Yates so clearly puts it in her book on sixteenth-century French Academies "the attempt to understand the hieroglyphic character of Renaissance pagan images makes less abrupt the transition from Renaissance to Counter Reformation."

The use of allegory and symbol are not of course the outcome of the neo-platonism of fifteenth-century Florence; medieval poetry is full of the one, the *Roman de la Rose* for example, and for the other we have to think only of the miniatures by Maître aux Bouqueteaux in the Paris manuscript of Guillaume de Machaut's works, in which *Amour* presents *Doux Penser*, *Plaisance*, and *Esperance* to the poet-musician. But the greatest incentive for the figurative approach, and one which particularly interested Ficino, was the purchase for Florence in 1419 of the Egyptian manuscript *Hieroglyphica*. This opened up an entirely new set of symbols, the influence of which can be traced down even to the publication of Pierre L'Anglois' *Discours des Hieroglyphes Aegyptiens, Emblemes, Devises, et Armoiries* in 1584. However, only in the fifteenth century do we find the beginnings of a scientific approach to the symbol. Yet, from then onwards, it is the dominant characteristic in all the arts. We can see the method fully developed in Bronzino's *The Exposure of Luxury* in the National Gallery which, without a knowledge of the symbolism of both the figures and the objects depicted, remains meaningless. Shortly before the painting of this picture, Alciati had published the first emblem book, *Emblematum*

Liber of 1531: and the century was to bring forth a multitude of similar publications.

In order to appreciate the value of the emblem, it is essential to realize that it is the means whereby in one point of time a multitude of ideas, independent in themselves, can be grouped round one cardinal theme, so that each has a relationship with the others only in so far as it enhances the significance of that central theme. And the symbol or emblem as an accepted convention presents itself as the most satisfactory and economical tool capable of setting out, in an instant, the various relationships in an easily comprehensible form: that is its passive role. But it is doubly effective since it may be used with equal facility in an active sense. For it stimulates the curiosity, drawing the mind onwards in a search which never ends until the meaning of all the disparate symbols has illuminated, from every angle, the paramount idea. The author of *Partheneia Sacra* illustrates the method in the nine different sections which he uses to set forth some excellence in the Virgin. Miss Freeman in her study *English Emblem Books* gives a comprehensive account of his aims which the preface to this reprint unfortunately fails to provide.

Mr. Fletcher in fact alludes "to the complex structure of the devotional act in *Partheneia Sacra*" but makes no attempt to show the importance of the emblem as a means of understanding the seventeenth century as a whole. "It was the Jesuits," he writes: "who canalized the many cultural processes of the time," a judgment that even in the strictly religious field is surely circumscribed. It is true that the Jesuits adapted the common practice for pious use as the countless emblematic publications by members of the Society show. But the important fact is to see how deeply the habit of mind extended to all branches of study. Without a true perspective which it is the duty of the Introduction to provide, such a book becomes a mere collection of literary conceits and fanciful pictures. Unfortunately the pictures in this edition are ruined by bad printing and the charm of the book largely lost.

The importance of the emblem in sixteenth- and seventeenth-century aesthetics is most easily brought home to the general student of the period in its application to music, for not only was the Opera the new musical phenomenon of the century, based on a symbolical interpretation of the distinction between aria and recitative, the one acting as a relief from the tension caused in the hearer by the other, so that the imagination could dwell in the pure delights of the unfettered song free from the strictly objective intentions of the recitative. A similar interpretation led to the adoption of perspective in the sets, the intention of which was to suggest lines of thought down which the mind could run, leading finally to the moment in which the imagination could have free play. The symbolism in the Opera is

largely responsible for its universal appeal since by the use of conventions the *nuances* of the plot could be made clear to the whole audience in a flash, the depth of insight depending on the intelligence of the individual. On the other hand poetry had been called to the assistance of painting as early as 1586 by Tyard in *Douze Fables des Fleuves ou Fontaines, avec la Descriptions pour la Painture* in which he gives the same fable in poetry to reinforce the visual image. Even before the introduction of Monody the emblem can be traced to the curious use of "eye music" in which the shape and colour of the individual notes is used to express the text "il diletto che da essi si trae, è tutto della vista." An illustration of this method which forms a parallel to Mildmay Fane's collection of patterned poems *Otia Sacra* of 1648 is the passage in Monteverdi's madrigal *Non si levav' ancor l'alba novella* in which the mention of an acanthus is symbolized in the outline of the leaf in notes, a habit which, in its relation to music, has been castigated as barbarous. In music, the new method of expressive writing so ably championed by Monteverdi and his immediate predecessors is more vital: "L'Oratione sia padrona dell'armonia e non serva;" what is that but an emblematic approach in which the music serves as a symbol to express the innermost meaning of the text.

The study of imagery in its many manifestations is yet in its infancy. But it is significant, as showing its deep penetration and co-existence within all the arts, that the most striking parallels in *Partheneia Sacra* are to be found in the symbol of the Nightingale; "and man is a harp; the Powers and Faculties of the Soule, the strings; the Reason the harper." The brilliant description of the powers of music contained in this section can be compared with "Musick's Duell" by Crashaw, the most prolific user of the emblem in English poetry. Indeed, if Miss Freeman can say that "emblem books depended for their existence upon the validity of the allegorical ways of thinking" and upon "a close inter-relation between the arts of poetry and painting," we may add that music sets the final seal on the power of the symbol, "in ore melos, corde iublius." And it is clear that a method of such universal application needs serious study in all its aspects before the centuries in which Leonardo, Shakespeare, and Monteverdi lived and which gave birth to the Royal Society can be fully appreciated.

The inaccurate introduction and poor reproduction of the Green facsimile of the first English emblem book *A Choice of Emblemes* of 1586, printed in 1866, may be excused on account of the date. But Mr. Fletcher has done us a disservice by preparing a book of such interest in a way that presents it to the public at three guineas, full of misprints in the text, and with totally inadequate reproductions of the originally excellent engravings.

SIMON TOWNELEY WORSTHORNE

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

Shakespeare's Sonnets, reprinted from the Bridgewater House copy of the 1609 edition, with an introduction by the Comtesse Longworth de Chambrun (Hand and Flower Press 63s).

THIS book should be a precious possession for anyone who acquires it. The paper, the Talleone type and the whole lay-out are beyond praise; and to have the Sonnets in their original form (though here some slight modernization has been admitted) is essential to an intelligent judgment on the numerous emendations of that text which later editors have adopted or proposed.

In her introduction Comtesse Chambrun puts out one or two suggestions which appear new and interesting. She notes the motto of the Southampton family: *Ung partout tout par ung* and thinks there is an allusion to it in a line of the 105th sonnet:

Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so

—thus lending further support to the widely accepted belief that the Sonnets were addressed to the third Earl, to whom Shakespeare had dedicated his *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*. A similar theme runs through sonnet 113, where the poet sees one object only in all objects: his friend; and all objects appear as this one; but there is no verbal parallel. Also, on p. 15 it is stated that the signature of the Countess Southampton, the mother of Shakespeare's patron, "attests the first payment made at court to Shakespeare, Kempe and Burbage, for the performance of a comedy." This payment was in December 1594, and in May of that year the widowed Countess had married Sir Thomas Heneage, Treasurer of the Queen's Chamber, by whom no doubt the payment would be made or authorized. But it is difficult to understand why the money should pass through the hands of the Countess, unless, conceivably, Shakespeare was then residing at Titchfield.

Throughout the interesting introduction the author appears to make a rather free use of her sources. She quotes Benson, the editor of the second edition of the Sonnets in 1640, as declaring that Shakespeare "while living avouched their proportionable glory with his dramatic work," the allusion being to the Sonnets. Benson's preface is printed in full in E. K. Chambers's *William Shakespeare*, Vol. II, p. 237, and this citation should be laid beside it. Again, where Thomas Heywood in his protest to Jaggard, the pirate publisher of *The Passionate Pilgrim* (who in the second, 1612, edition had included poems by Heywood under Shakespeare's name) writes that this might "put the world in opinion" that Heywood had stolen them and that Shakespeare had

then published them as his, "to do himself right," Comtesse Chambrun omits the reference to the world's opinion and cites Heywood as authority for a statement that Shakespeare "to do himself right had since brought out the sonnets under his own name." In this way it is made to seem that the 154 sonnets edited by Thorpe in 1609 were published with Shakespeare's consent and supervision: something very few scholars admit. (Heywood's protest may be read in Chambers, II, p. 218.)

If it were so, it shows some audacity to print the Sonnets, as they are printed here, in an entirely new order. Comtesse Chambrun is, I think, the twenty-fifth editor to do this; and each of the twenty-five arrangements differs completely from all the others. If Thorpe was a "pirate," had collected the Sonnets from various copyists, and knew no more about their true order than we do, such attempts are meritorious, and a long, careful examination of the problem, preferably by several students working together, might lead to interesting results. There is some probability that the Sonnets fall into groups, perhaps of identical length, dealing with specific subjects: it seems unlikely that 126 sonnets were presented to the patron in a single batch.

Despite its price we think that this *de luxe* edition of the only work in which Shakespeare reveals himself should have a great success.

GEOFFREY BLISS

CULTURED MUSING

The Mystery of Being: Vol. I. Reflection and Mystery, by Gabriel Marcel (Harvill 15s).

THIS volume presents the first part of the Gifford Lectures delivered by Gabriel Marcel at Aberdeen in 1949 and 1950. The most appropriate comment on it might be found in the words of Alice after reading the *Jabberwocky*: "Somehow it seems to fill my head with ideas—only I don't exactly know what they are!" These lectures, indeed, are full of ideas—ideas that jostle one another in friendly profusion, meet and overlap; ideas that surge across one's path, only to recede quietly into the by-ways of the mind, leaving behind them the elusive memory of their passage. For 220 pages Marcel thinks aloud. To listen to him is to be at once stimulated and exasperated: stimulated by the warmth of his approach to human problems and by the shrewdness of his analyses; exasperated by his reluctance to cross the threshold that divides description from explanation. He is like a child at play: kicking a ball ahead, scampering after it, bending down to pick it up and then, just as his hand is upon it, sending it hurtling off again . . . and so on. There is no end to the

game—except loss of breath or loss of interest. Marcel is indefatigable. The reader may tire.

Such an appreciation of *The Mystery of Being* is just, I think, from the purely philosophic point of view. Here are to be found no clear-cut definitions, no apodictic arguments, no logical conclusions. Philosophy, for Marcel, is not the systematic search for the ultimate intelligible grounds of being but, rather, a cultured musing on basic human situations. Marcel distrusts conceptual thinking and the objectivising function of the mind which, he holds, isolate the enquirer from the subject-matter of his enquiry. Consequently, his method of approach to the problem of reality is not by way of unfolding that intellectual grasp of being which the mind possesses in its fundamental ontological affirmation: reality is, of itself, intelligible. Instead, he analyses the human person immersed in concrete situations, explicating the lived "sense" of reality that is a central imperative conviction for each one of us. He circles round the "self" in ever-narrowing orbits of reflection, by degrees bringing it into intenser focus. And, as he goes, he gives a running commentary on his findings. But the focus is not a purely intellectual one and the commentary remains descriptive.

It is difficult to put one's finger unerringly on the theme of these lectures. It eludes precise designation. Perhaps the most accurate account of *The Mystery of Being* would be to say that in it Marcel is trying to discover the meaning of concrete human reality by successive descriptive approximations. He starts with some familiar example—a child offering a bunch of flowers to his mother; a naïve young amateur composer singing his little piece at an "at home"—and muses quietly upon what is involved in such a situation. He digs down below the surface of everyday experience, until he uncovers the metaphysical tap-root of human existence. This he finds to be an ontological unease, a stretching out to something beyond the narrow compass of human insufficiency. (This "something beyond" is the subject of the second series of lectures, not yet published.) The stages in this process of discovery are not logical steps in an argument but gradual intensifications of a felt intimacy with being. The nature of this intimate contact with reality is conveyed by such terms as "presence", "participation", "communion". The terms, however, are never explained; they are merely exemplified. The philosophic reader, hoping for definite speculative enlightenment on man's basic ontological condition, will be disappointed. The elucidation of the mystery of being offered to him is affective rather than intellectual.

And yet, the lectures are both fascinating and valuable. Gabriel Marcel has an unusually sympathetic mind which enters easily into the intricacies of human behaviour. At a level far deeper than mere

psychological observation, his insight into man's situation in the world is acute and expressed in what he himself might call "spurts of clarity". It is a healthy and exciting experience to have oneself dissected before one's eyes and to see the fundamental data of the human problem laid bare for examination. Too often philosophy has been content to theorise in a void of purely abstract speculation divorced from all contact with concrete reality. Marcel forces attention upon man in his flesh-and-blood insertion in lived experience. If he stops short of strictly philosophical explanation, he sets the mystery of being in due perspective and lights up its varied facets with a sharp concentration of illuminating analysis and comment. These Gifford Lectures provide a valuable and vivid introduction to the problem of man's existence in a broken world. They provide more—a warm understanding of human nature that needs only the courageous adoption of genuine metaphysical reflection to turn it into an authentic philosophy of man.

JOSEPH O'MARA

SHORTER NOTICES

The Revolt against Reason, by Arnold Lunn (Eyre and Spottiswoode 15s).

MR. LUNN continues in this book that defence of the reasonableness of Christianity, and the unreasonableness of many of its modern opponents, which he first undertook twenty years ago in *The Flight From Reason*. As in the previous book, the main target of attack is "scientism"—the doctrine that science has disproved the reality of the supernatural in all its forms. The author argues, in his usual vigorous and readable style, that scientism has no rational basis, and maintains itself largely by a blind refusal to examine impartially the evidence for any contrary view.

The book has the merits and defects of most of Mr. Lunn's apologetic writings. The main thesis is undoubtedly sound, and he drives home many important truths which the ordinary non-specialist reader is unlikely to get from any other source. In some cases, however, the judgments on opponents are too superficial, and show a lack of understanding of their true position. There are also many errors in points of detail, which might have been avoided by more careful revision. Nevertheless, the book provides, on balance, a valuable critique of the pseudo-scientific philosophies which have done so much to confuse the modern man in his search for a reasonable faith.

Stimuli, by Ronald Knox (Sheed and Ward 10s 6d).

OF all forms of expression the sermon has the least tradition of brevity. The laity could never think of good reasons why they could not continue to listen on the sabbath, when they had nothing better to do, and it had been carefully ordained that their ears should be fully available. So Isaac Barrow could preach in Westminster Abbey for three and a half hours, and be silenced only by the organ. Only in this century has there been a drastic movement of change, heralded by Edward VII letting it be known that he would promote no man who preached *coram rege* for more than ten minutes. To this strange new world for preachers, Monsignor Knox, with his usual virtuosity, early accommodated himself, and has long since shown his mastery of that difficult form, the twenty-minute sermon. Here he shows what can be done to preach to whoever runs as he reads. I shall not take up more than a few seconds of your valuable time with talk about your eternal salvation, he says, in effect, once he has got his foot in the door. Then with deft economy of words he manages to say a great deal, and suggest a great deal more, undismayed by the further difficulty that he is preaching to a very mixed congregation, for there are no religious tests for readers of the *Sunday Times*, from whose columns these little sermons in pebbles are gathered up. So assembled, they seem to take strength from one another, are no longer small minority voices in a sea of worldly preoccupation, but fit in and show how they are all part of the integrated whole of Catholic truth.

DOUGLAS WOODRUFF

Winters of Content, and Other Discursions on Mediterranean Art and Travel, by Osbert Sitwell (Duckworth 21s).

MOST, if not all, of the chapters of this book have been previously published: "Winters of Content," in 1932, "Discursions" as long ago as 1925. Here, they have been pleasantly brought together, with some additions and a nostalgic preface. With his easy and cultured touch Sir Osbert transmutes his Italian excursions into "discursions," a term he hopes will one day occupy its place in the *Oxford English Dictionary*, with himself for its authority. The world seen through a railway carriage window, with some reflections from the railway passenger—this might be his all too modest way of describing the technique. It is, of course, much more than that, and we travel with a wise, appreciative and entertaining guide: whether it be to spend Christmas in Venice, "a good place in which to bury Christmas," and

to wander around St. Mark's, "the sole church in all Christendom to summon up a faint idea of that beauty which the Eastern Empire once signified" or to linger in the rooms of the Villa Malcontenta of Palladius. Our *cicerone* takes us to less known places: to Bari, Barletta and Lecce, "peer of any Italian city in loveliness," and "Winter in Emilia" buds with Parma to blossom in studies of Correggio and El Greco "with his Byzantine origin, his Venetian training, and his adoption of Spain," and in memories of the *Fêtes de Parme* in the gardens of Colorno. And he dances after a litany of lovely names from Piacenza through Mirandola to Crevalcore. The foreword speaks of an Italy that no longer exists—save for the colour of the sea and sky, and the greys and dark greens of the landscape. This is true, in part, and inevitably, but I for one found the Italy of 1950 and 1951 far less altered than post-war Britain.

The Reader's Bible (Oxford University Press; Cambridge University Press; Eyre and Spottiswoode 30s).

THIS volume is, quite simply, the Authorised Version "designed for general reading." That is, it is beautifully printed, not in the antiquated double-column format, and devoid of marginal notes. It contains, however, the Apocrypha, and each group of books is preceded by a short introduction. These introductions are written in a spirit of moderate criticism, so to say: that is, the composite character of the Pentateuch as we now have it is taken for granted, though it is not denied that Moses was in a true sense originator of the Law. An "unknown prophet" is responsible for the second part of Isaiah; Daniel is assigned to the era of Antiochus Epiphanes; St. Mark is taken as having been the first to write a gospel; the authorship of the Fourth Gospel is left an open question, but the Evangelist is considered as certainly other than the Apocalypticist. We think that the difference between their view-points—"poles asunder"—is much overstated: while the differences in style and even syntax are obvious to all, the very subtle but discoverable points of contact are overlooked, and the strange but consistent structure of the book is not noted, nor the quite orthodox interpretation of the millennium. We could wish that poetry (the Psalms, etc.) had been printed *as* poetry, though a division into stanzas might well have been rash. There are three simple maps. Allowing for our many reserves about the introductions, and recalling that this is the *Authorised* Version, we can but praise the production (its appalling weight was inevitable!), and the lowness of its price seems, to-day, almost incredible.

The Religious Thought of St. John, by E. K. Lee (S.P.C.K. 17s 6d).

THE labour which must have gone to the making of this book was herculean, not only because of the immense number of authorities the author can quote, but because he is vicar of a colliery parish near Leeds, and how any man in such a position can shepherd his parishioners—let alone write a book—in the intervals of filling up forms baffles the imagination. Frankly, we wish that Mr. Lee had omitted many of the opinions that he mentions; they tend to be confusing, so contradictory are they, and many are arbitrary if not fantastic; for example, any effort to link Johannine thought concerning the “lifting up of Christ” with pre-Johannine Gnostic ideas of “the true and perfect serpent who was also the Mediator, the Son, and Logos.” And we venture to regret that apparently, as so often, *Catholica non leguntur*. How much firmer would have been the author’s touch, we feel, had he made use of Lagrange, to mention only one biblical scholar—Loisy is so frequently mentioned, though (we are glad to say) chiefly to be disagreed with.

Mr. Lee regards the Fourth Gospel and the Epistles as most probably the work of one author; but he thinks that “fullest justice” is done to the evidence by regarding the *writer* of the Gospel as “John the Elder,” though an “intimate disciple” of the Apostle whose teaching is recorded with “great fidelity,” who was the “witness” and the disciple whom Jesus loved and who may actually have dictated “parts” of the Gospel to the Elder. Really this almost comes back to saying that the Apostle wrote the Gospel and was certainly its “author.” In somewhat the same way, Mr. Lee sees that the Gospel is “historical,” though “we are here exclusively concerned with the doctrine of the author.” We think that the author is clear that to whatever extent John may have been aware of contemporary speculations (for example, his use of the categories Light and Darkness) he owes nothing to any of them, but, on the contrary, disentangles an expression like “Logos” from any current conceptions which might have obscured the purity of his own doctrine. Of course, neither he nor anyone else can adequately state in human language, translating human thought, the central mysteries of the Christian Faith. It is unnecessary to catalogue the many instances in which a Catholic can welcome Mr. Lee’s conclusions, such as what concerns the pre-existence of our Lord, true Son of God, the perception of Baptism and the Eucharist in chapters 3 and 6. Catholic theologians who read this book, which is not a “popular” one, will easily see where the author’s touch is hesitating; and again we regret he should have introduced so many opinions only to reject them, and should not have given a firmer skeleton to his work by assimilating, for example, Fr. M. C. D’Arcy’s books on Faith, or on Love.

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